

Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO US ALL

THE LIONS GO TO SCHOOL

WHAT THE VICEROY'S PARTY SAW

Mother Lioness Gives Her Little Ones Their Lessons

PLAYING WITH A MAN IN THE JUNGLE

By Our Natural Historian

Nowhere do Man and wild Nature come closer together than in India. The jungle creeps up to the towns and villages; human habitations fringe the jungles; beasts come into the gardens and men venture into the wilds.

So, as African lions have flourished in the forest of Gir, and the Viceroy of India has been out in pursuit of them, it was but natural that lions should teach him something. It was a lesson of the kind C.N. readers are quite familiar with, but it is still fresh and wonderful.

Lion Cubs Learn to Kill

First a great lion bounded away from a point near a Viceregal party where it had lain in unsuspected ambush. The hunters must have concealed themselves no less cleverly, for presently they witnessed a little drama which could not have run its course had their presence been known to the animals.

There emerged from the jungle a lioness and her five cubs, and the mother proceeded to give her little ones their earliest lessons in hunting.

First she showed them the correct method of killing a goat. Then she incited them to attack a buffalo. This, however, was too forceful and courageous a beast for the combined efforts of the savage babies, so she, too, attacked it, only to be defeated herself by the valour of the splendid creature.

How the lesson would have ended cannot be guessed, but at the end of twenty minutes the lioness scented human beings near, and promptly withdrew with her babies into the shelter of the jungle.

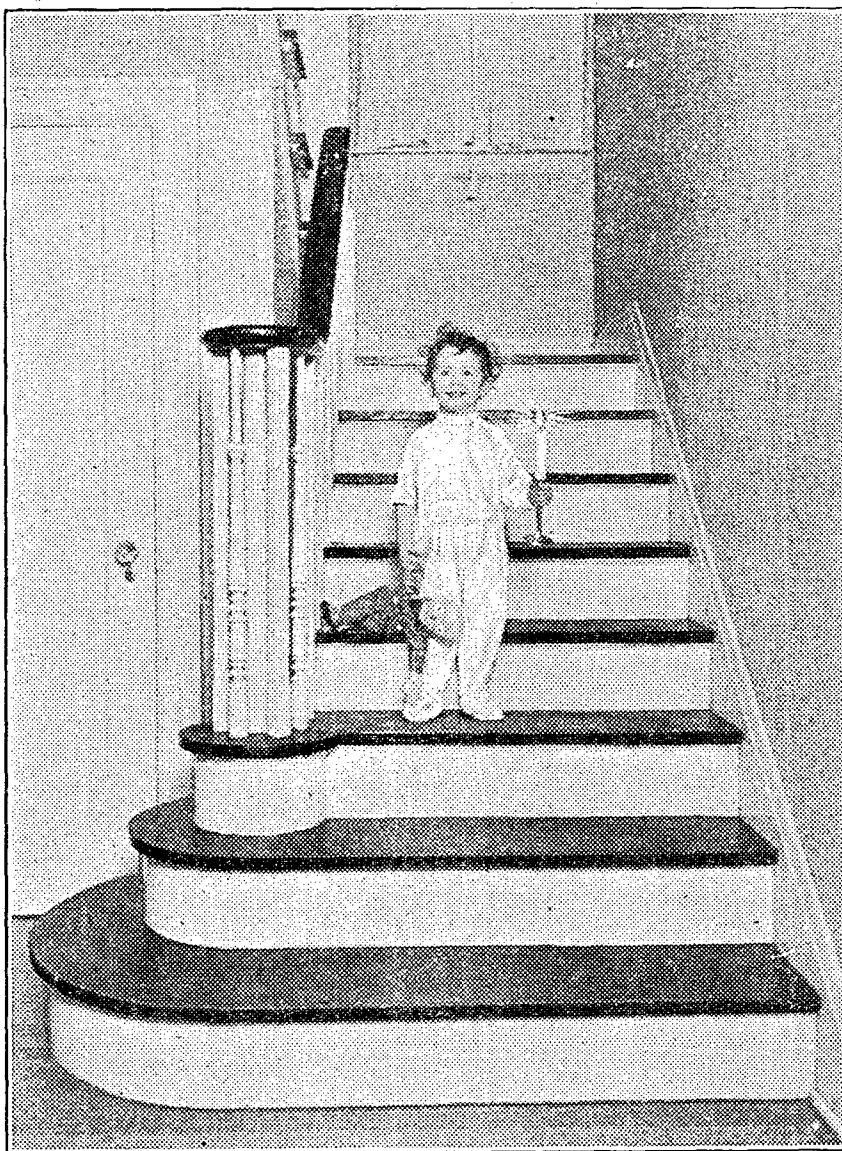
Seized by a Tigress

Lord Reading went to India to govern 300 million people, and to teach them to govern themselves in the future; but he can have witnessed no spectacle more fascinating than this of the queen of beasts taking her children to school and inducting them into the art and mystery of earning their own living.

The feat is common enough in the wilds, but rarely has a human audience. There was one case, however, not many years ago when a man was unexpectedly seized by a tigress. She shook him, broke his left shoulder, carried him in her mouth for half a mile, put him down and, with a peculiar cry, called from hiding her two cubs.

They ran up, but were terrified at seeing that she had brought them a man. The mother recalled them, rolled

1925 Comes In With a Smile



This little man has come downstairs from his bedroom to see the New Year in, and as the clock strikes midnight and he passes from 1924 into 1925 he smiles to think of all the happy things the New Year holds in store for him

the hunter gently over with her paw, took him up, and carried him to them. She played with him like a cat with a mouse, playfully biting him from time to time and tossing him with her paws, and so encouraged the two cubs to attack him. They did attack, but without serious effect.

In spite of his dreadful fears the man had managed to retain a grip on his rifle with his right hand, and he sought to move away to use it, the little tigers hanging on to his legs as he crawled. The mother let him get a short distance away and then brought him back and shook him.

Again the cubs were shown how to worry and tear, but calm in his despair, the man crawled away again very slowly, little by little, affording just sufficient movement to induce the cubs to renew their eager tearing at his legs and so keep their mother's attention fixed.

Having got a few yards away, he turned back and faced the tigress. He took a perfect aim at her. At the critical moment one of the cubs ran towards his head, and so got between

him and the tigress. She knocked the cub over with a stroke of her paw, and at that moment he fired.

The tigress, which was only a few feet away, leaped into the air, fell almost on top of him, and after a few convulsive struggles lay beside him, dead.

A FISHERMAN OF LONG AGO

Searching for urns of the Bronze Age, an archaeologist has just found, high above the River Wey in Surrey, some flint fish-hooks which perhaps caught fish a hundred and fifty centuries ago.

They were dug out between Farnham and Waverley Abbey, 140 feet above the level of the stream as it runs today. Those thousands of years ago the Wey rippled at the feet of the ancient man who baited his flint fish-hooks. It has been sinking perhaps a foot a century, perhaps less, and now there is a broad valley between its former bed and the bed to which it has now sunk.

The flint hooks are rudely chipped, but there is no doubt that some Izaak Walton of old had baited them.

THE MISSING HOURS

HALF A DAY LOST IN THE OLD YEAR

The Sky Men Come Into Line for the Sea Men

THE BOTHER OF TIME

The astronomers have lost twelve hours. The last day of 1924 lasted for them not twenty-four hours but twelve, and it is interesting to see why.

For ordinary folk the period of daylight is of greater importance than the period of darkness, and for this reason it would be inconvenient if the border-line between one day and the next were fixed in the daytime. So by popular consent the civil day begins at midnight.

Astronomers, on the other hand, do most of their continuous work during the hours between sunset and sunrise, and it would be inconvenient for them if a change of date took place during this time. For this reason, therefore, it was decided that the astronomical day should begin at noon and extend during the succeeding 24 hours until the next noon. So that, while our day runs from midnight to midnight, the astronomer's day on the other hand, was made to run from noon to noon.

Helping the Sailors

A few years ago, however, the astronomers decided to bring their reckoning into line with the general public's. This was decided partly for the sake of uniformity and partly in response to repeated requests from sailors, who, of course, make extensive use of the calculations and predictions of astronomers.

The change was fixed for New Year's Day in 1925, and so it came about that, astronomically speaking, the last day of 1924 was a day of only twelve hours duration, and the astronomers of the future will be totally unable to find any record of an astronomical event taking place in the hours from noon to midnight of the last day of the old year. For the astronomer, in fact, these twelve hours are as if they never existed. Very odd it would be if there had happened to be a great astronomical event; it is difficult to see how it could have been recorded.

Eleven Lost Days

A similar gap in time-records occurred in 1752, when a slight error in the old Julian Calendar was adjusted by the sacrifice of 11 days.

So greatly was the change resented that riots occurred in many parts of the country, and at Bristol several people were killed. "Give us back our eleven days!" was the cry of the people.

Many astronomers object to the present change because they for the rest of their lives, and all astronomers after them for all time, will have to remember that the year 1924 was twelve hours short. Still, it is a good thing to help the sailors, and in a few years time astronomers will have become quite used to their new reckoning.

GANDHI

PRESIDENT OF INDIA'S NATIONAL CONGRESS

The Career of a Remarkable Leader of the East

WILL HIS POWER DECLINE?

By Our India Correspondent

Mr. Gandhi is presiding over the great Indian National Congress now taking place at Belgaum; but he is not likely to recover the power he lost by his surrender to the extremists.

Fifty-five years ago, into the home of a manager of one of the small native States in the north of the Bombay Presidency, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born.

Destined for the legal profession, he passed from college in India to the London University, and then to the Inner Temple. After being called to the Bar he returned to India and started to practise as an advocate in the High Court, Bombay. Then came a call to South Africa in connection with a law case, and there he came into contact with the serious conflict between the European and the Indian settlers. He was still there when the South African War broke out, and he formed an Indian Ambulance Corps, with which he himself served, being mentioned in dispatches.

A Campaign in South Africa

A few years later he was back in South Africa fighting the battles of his fellow-countrymen, even organising strikes and passive resistance campaigns, and many times going to prison. In the end his cause triumphed, the Indians Relief Act was passed, and Mr. Gandhi returned to the East to receive all sorts of praise and honours, including the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal.

Mr. Gandhi's experiences in South Africa had created within him a great distrust of Western civilisation. He had come into contact with some of its worst aspects, and suspected it accordingly. But he was ready to work with the forces of law and order. As late as 1918 he said that the ideal he sought was partnership within the British Empire, but in 1919 came a turning-point in his career.

Outbreaks of Violence

In that year the Government passed laws giving the authorities special powers to cope with sedition, and to these Mr. Gandhi objected as being unnecessarily repressive. He organised one of the passive resistance campaigns that had succeeded in South Africa.

But in India it was not so simple. He had set in motion forces he could not restrain, and soon there were outbreaks of mob violence in many districts. He at once set himself to quieten the people, but a terrible calamity occurring at Amritsar set him more firmly than ever against everything of the West. He regarded Western government, Western civilisation, as something evil and Satanic. He would have nothing to do with them.

The Spinning Wheel

Since then he has given himself up to preaching to his people the need of independence, and working for their becoming an independent nation. He wants India to be a self-supporting nation, and as a first step he has been urging everyone to use the spinning-wheel and make their own clothing.

All this time Mr. Gandhi was living on a high moral plane. Early in his life he came under the influence of Tolstoi's teaching, and he has always been a keen student of Christianity. He has said that at one time he was so impressed with the doctrines of Christ that he was almost inclined to become a Christian, but a further study of the spiritual side of Hinduism made him cling to that, and today he is convinced that Hinduism is the hope of India.

He has of late, however, descended from his high moral plane and joined the men who believe in violence, and his power will probably continue to decline.

THE BRIGAND AND THE SILKWORM

How He May Send Up Prices

STUDENTS HELD TO RANSOM

While 38 masters and students of the Canton Christian College were steaming the other day across Pearl River to their college on the other bank, they were captured by bandits and carried off to be held for ransom. Fortunately they were afterwards rescued by soldiers.

If the brigands go on doing this sort of thing, we may find the price of silk rising, and the reason is this.

One of the most important parts of the work of this college, which is run by Chinese, American, and British educational, commercial, and missionary bodies, is the department where the students learn the breeding of silkworms.

For seven centuries the products of the silkworm have been woven in China, but more thought has been given to the silk than to the worm, and what has happened is that, like a human being, the worm has been overworked and become the prey to disease. No wonder, when six crops of silk are raised during one summer in the Canton area.

The Silk Association of America, therefore, provided the funds for the college to undertake scientific research into the matter, and students and professors have carefully selected the best kind of silkworm, and bred from those which show no signs of disease. They are now engaged in distributing the eggs of these worms to the farmers.

The result is that more silk and better silk is being produced, and there are likely to be further improvements still.

DOG THAT CAME BACK

Roy, King of Beggars

IT'S OUR MONEY HE WANTS

A new dog bustles his way into the railway carriages of trains leaving Euston and wags his tail to tell passengers that he would be grateful if they dropped something into the money-box on his back for the Railway Orphanage.

Old travellers who have started from Euston for years look twice at him before they contribute, and then remember that he is the new dog. Old Roy, the collector who put thousands of pounds into his banking account, has been retired on a pension.

That is what they think, but old Roy knows a tale worth two of that. He has refused to be pensioned. They gave him free board and lodging and a comfortable home in the suburbs, but he has run away seven times and come back. His motto is: *It's their money we want*; and he is not quite sure if the new dog is up to his duties.

So now they have given Roy his old kennel again, next door to the kennel of Rags, the new dog. *Picture on page 12*

KINGS INDEED

Rich Men Give Away Millions

America is the land of princely endowments. Within the last few years no less than 275 million pounds has been given by wealthy Americans to help education, churches, and charities.

The latest contributors are two American trade kings. The Kodak King, Mr. George Eastman, and the Tobacco King, Mr. James Duke, gave away great fortunes on one day, the first three millions and the second eight millions. Both had already given largely before, and it is believed that Mr. Eastman's total is now twelve millions and Mr. Duke's eighteen.

Both proclaim their desire to see something of the good work undertaken with the money before they die, and both, having risen from poverty, hold that they owe this return to the country which has given them the opportunity to grow rich.

WAR OFFICE MAKES A DISCOVERY

Lulworth Not Suitable for Tanks

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Lulworth is to be saved (some day) from the tank nuisance.

The long-suffering public has always thought the land above Lulworth Cove, one of England's beauty spots, unsuitable for a tank practising ground and a gunnery range, and now, at last, the military authorities agree. They have now found that present-day tanks can get over the ground much faster than was the case when the range was first established, and so there is not enough room for them. Still, they are going to stay on for two years or so while looking for another place. If the League of Nations can manage to abolish tanks in the meantime, Lulworth may be saved a little earlier than 1927.

At any rate, the fishermen and the visitors will be able to visit Lulworth again without danger of being shot down, and the C.N. rejoices that this fight for the liberty of the countryside has apparently been won at last. The War Office has made its discovery a little late, but it is better late than never.

AMERICA BEING DRAWN BACK INTO THE WORLD

The Favoured Nation and Its Opportunities

If the founders of the United States crossed the Atlantic to get rid of Europe, their descendants are finding it ever more difficult to keep up the separation. Slowly but surely America is being drawn back into a closer part in world affairs as the world shrinks and her interests expand.

A thousand bankers and business men of New York gave a banquet the other night to Mr. Owen D. Young for his work in creating and carrying out the Dawes plan for German Reparations.

He told them they might debate American cooperation in world politics as much as they liked, but they could not keep out of world business nor the world finance on which it rested. Like science, these knew no boundaries, and had no such word as "isolation" in their dictionary.

"I pray," he said, in memorable words, "that this favoured nation may meet the responsibilities of her great position. I ask that business may be carried on internationally without sentiment, but with vision and courage. I ask that the spirit behind that business may be a worthy expression of the character of our people and worthy in the sight of God."

Along that road it cannot be far to the gate that admits to the League of Nations (under whatever name) and the outlawry of war.

AUSTRALIA'S FLAG To Hang in Canterbury Cathedral

Sir Joseph Cook, the popular High Commissioner of Australia, has done a splendid thing. He has been down to Canterbury and presented to the cathedral the flag of the Commonwealth, which will hang in the nave of the mother church of British Christendom.

The High Commissioner said it had been in the minds of the citizens of Australia for some time to present that flag to Canterbury. It was in every way an appropriate thing to do, for in a very real sense the cathedral was Imperial.

"With this flag," he added, "comes an expression of our gratitude to you for having, through all these centuries, kept alive its traditions in such an admirable way. It comes with our sincere and abiding affection for all the venerated institutions of this dear old land of ours."

SAMUEL GOMPERS

East End Boy Who Led America's Working Men WORK OF A FAMOUS LEADER

American labour has lost its leader, Samuel Gompers, who has died at the age of 74. He was taken ill in Mexico, but begged to be brought back so that he might die in the country of his adoption.

For he was not born in the United States, but in the East End of London, in 1850. At 13 he went to America, got work as a cigar-maker, joined the trade union attached to that occupation, and soon made a mark for himself as a thoughtful and moderate leader. Before he was 32 he became President of the American Federation of Labour, the highest executive post in all the Trade Union world of the United States, and held that office, with only one year's interval, until his death.

Gompers hated strikes, and lent the full weight of his activities to combat the dangerous activities of the organisation known as the Industrial Workers of the World, which fomented strikes and labour agitation extensively, and was the cause of much bitter conflict and bloodshed. Gompers believed in negotiation with the employers, among whom he made many friends, and stood out firmly against the firebrands.

When the Great War broke out he was of the greatest service in kindling the enthusiasm of the working men when America came in on our side.

He refused to agree to meet the Socialists of the enemy countries while the issue of the war remained in the balance, but when the war was over Gompers stood out against harsh treatment of the beaten side.

Under his leadership his Federation increased its membership from fifty thousand to some millions. He kept American Labour away from class-war and politics, and the prosperity of the American working man has vindicated his policy.

ANOTHER ARMY GOING

Austria to Follow the Example of Denmark

DROPPING SOLDIERS AND SAVING MILLIONS

It is only a short time since Denmark gave a lead to Europe in disarmament by a definite move towards getting rid of her army and navy.

Now there is a chance that this good example will be followed by Austria.

Austria has no navy, as she was cut off from the seaboard by the breaking-up of her Empire; but she still keeps up an army of 22,000 men.

The Peace Treaty allowed her even more, but Austria does not need soldiers. She has an excellent police force.

And, although the proud Empire of the Hapsburgs maintained a million men in peace time, and more than three millions when war broke out, Austria now cannot afford such luxuries.

An army of 22,000 men costs two million pounds a year to feed and clothe and arm, and the Austrian Republic, which is only now recovering from the miseries that fell upon her ten years ago, needs the money for better purposes, for education, for housing, for railways. It is good to know that she will save it before long.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Four one-franc stamps, 1849 . . .	£2300
Portrait by J. S. Copley . . .	£1627
Seven Cries of London . . .	£304
A Queen Anne settee . . .	£262
Ten Chippendale chairs . . .	£190
A Chippendale table . . .	£157
A Derby dessert service . . .	£131
15th-century English MS. . .	£110
A Georgian winged bookcase . . .	£109
An antique Irish water-jug . . .	£70

THE POLICEMAN'S NOD

Paris to Follow London TRAFFIC CONTROL IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

English people, accustomed to see obedience to the slightest nod of the policeman on point duty in our busy city streets, are always amazed when they go abroad and see how little regard is paid to the policeman's nod in great foreign capitals.

Parisian drivers are the worst offenders of all in this respect. They drive so recklessly, and break so many rules, that the unfortunate policeman has no chance to correct them. If he does they argue with him interminably and the traffic all round very soon gets into hopeless confusion.

The new chief of the Paris police has lately made a careful study of our methods of traffic control in London, and has become an enthusiastic admirer of our tall, stern, calm men whose smallest gesture is law.

He means to train a similar class of men for point duty in Paris, and to "establish a special brigade of police skilled in traffic control." That is an excellent idea, but he will need to have classes also for Parisian taxi-drivers, to teach them the art of obedience to control. Success in that would be a transformation indeed.

It is odd that, while generally Frenchmen accept much more dragooning from their authorities than Englishmen would submit to, they are usually defiant of the man on point duty.

COD-LIVER OIL

Let the Cow Take It for You

Cod-liver oil, which is so very good for one (but is never made really nice to take, whatever parents and nurses may say), is being superseded. Cod-liver oil milk is being offered instead.

That sounds rather dreadful, too, but see how it is made. The cow swallows the cod-liver oil, and, being a patient and not too fussy animal, does not mind it at all, but thrives on it. Better than that, it passes on the most important ingredients of cod-liver oil, those which help to ward off consumption and rickets, into its milk.

The milk is thus doubly blest. It has the important food-factors which come to it from the cow herself, and adds to them those which are bequeathed to it by the cod.

It sounds very interesting to be able to let the cow take the cod-liver oil for us, and the Editor of the C.N. considers himself very lucky if cod-liver oil is really passing away before he has had a spoonful of it.

SLAVES IN INDIA?

Nepal Blotting Out a Great Disgrace

Is it possible that slavery still exists in any part of India?

People are asking the question on account of the announcement from Calcutta that the Prime Minister of Nepal is making a determined effort to stamp it out there.

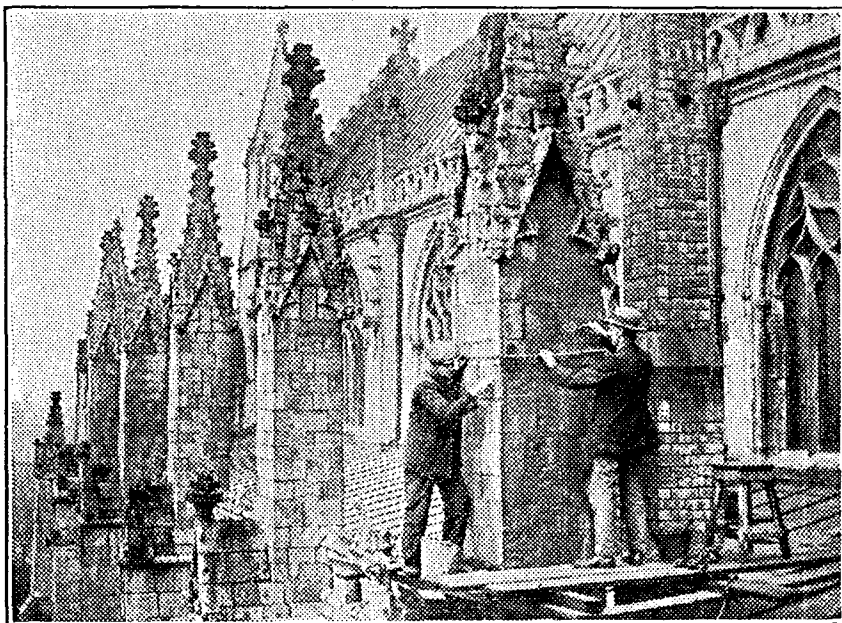
The answer in the first place is that Nepal is not actually in India. It is a completely independent State between the northern confines of British India and the watershed of the Himalayas. Geographically and by race it is Indian, but not politically. It is not like the native Indian States, which, though independent in their internal affairs, are under British suzerainty, and may be interfered with in case of notoriously bad government.

Nepal is going to set an example to all Eastern potentates in this matter. It is going to buy up slaves and free them, and it is also enacted that after a certain date the children of slave parents shall be born free. The sale of slaves is to be forbidden at once.

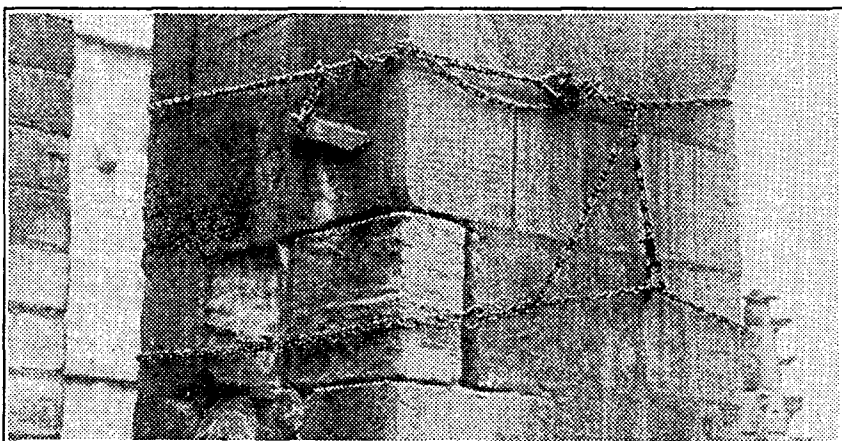
CHAINING UP THE CONQUEROR'S ABBEY



One of the worn pinnacles secured by chains



Fixing the chains round the masonry



How the chains hold the blocks of stone together

Time has played havoc with the Church of St. Mary and St. German at Selby, which is part of the great Benedictine Abbey founded by William the Conqueror, and until repairs can be done the masonry is being chained up, as shown, to prevent the stones from falling

A GARDEN GOES TO THE JUNGLE

"Moving in Thousands of Pieces"

EXTRAORDINARY BIT OF NATURAL HISTORY

One of the scientists with the recent New York Zoo expedition to British Guiana tells what happened to a garden in that country. It disappeared in a night, being carried off by an army of leaf-cutting ants. Here is his description of the incident.

These insect robbers, which resemble our common ants, did the work so completely that the only trace of garden left was a bare patch of earth.

When he awoke in the morning and found the garden gone, our friend rushed out amazed and bewildered just in time to see the results of his labours winding in a crooked path along the ground. The garden was literally moving into the jungle before his eyes in thousands of tiny pieces of green.

These pests are called leaf-cutting ants. They live on green leaves that they carry off and chew, but do not eat. They swing these little bits aloft, carrying them upright in their mouths like little green banners as they wend their way back to their nest, which may be as far as a quarter of a mile away. They remind one of a procession of tiny warriors going off to battle in single file, and carrying tall green-pennoned lances before them.

Their nests are a great underground system of miniature catacombs, which can be located by the large mounds of earth the leaf-cutters excavate. On arriving at home they quickly disappear underground and start what might aptly be termed a chewing match.

They chew up the greens they have brought with them, turning them into fertiliser for raising a microscopic fungus which grows in these underground nests of the leaf-cutting ants. This fungus is their only food. The enormous quantities of green stuff they carry off are used only as fertiliser for their microscopic fungus farms.

THE BRAVE BLUE BIRD

A Note from the Arctic

Many readers of the C.N. must remember, especially at this time of year, the pleasant rhyme:

The North wind doth blow

And we shall have snow,

And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?

Let us answer that he will follow the example of the Alaskan blue-jay, and be brave. This blue bird, according to a naturalist, Mr. H. W. Brandt, who recently crossed Alaska on an expedition, lays and hatches its eggs there, even when the temperature drops to 60 or 70 degrees below freezing-point.

The English robin, happy thing, never has that sort of temperature to put up with, and seldom lacks food. The Alaskan blue-jay goes up so far into the cold Arctic simply because, in the short summer there, abundance of food is to be found for itself and its chicks. Myriads of birds join it there on the sand dunes, especially eider duck.

A JAPAN MYSTERY

Many People Dying

When doctors discover a new disease is it really new, or is it simply that they have only newly distinguished it from some other disease?

A disease which was at first thought to be meningitis and then sleepy sickness has just been discovered in Japan. It has attacked chiefly people over fifty, and six in every ten have died. The summer in Japan has been unusually hot, and when the rains came the epidemic declined. It is being asked whether the great earthquake, owing to the many deaths it caused where there were none to bury the dead, can have had anything to do with the outbreak.

BIRTH OF PETER PAN IN A DUMFRIES GARDEN

Sir J. M. Barrie Goes Back to
School

"THE PALE STAR"

Sir J. M. Barrie, the creator of Peter Pan, has been back to school, greatly delighting his old friends at Dumfries, where he spent some of his happy boyhood days at the Dumfries Academy.

It was in the garden there, he said, that Peter Pan was born. One of the first visits Sir James Barrie paid in Dumfries was to his old mathematics master, Mr. John Neilson, who is now 87. He paid a very noble tribute to Mr. Neilson in his speech at the presentation of the Freedom of the town.

The other masters one could work upon with some hope of a modest success, he said, but not on Mr. Neilson; the winds of artifice beat upon him in vain.

He was so dogged about his triangles that even I can still wave a hand of acquaintance to them if we meet in the market-place. He did not always win. We did manage to keep some things from him.

All unconscious was he that, when the shades of night began to fall, certain young mathematicians changed their skins, crept up walls and down trees, and became pirates in a sort of Odyssey that was long afterwards to become the play of Peter Pan.

For our escapades in a certain Dumfries garden, which is enchanted land to me, were certainly the genesis of that nefarious work. We lived in the tree tops, on coconuts attached thereto, and that were in a bad condition; we were buccaneers, and I kept the log-book of our depredations, an eerie journal without a triangle in it to mar the beauty of its pages. That log-book, I trust, is no longer extant, though I should like one last look at it, to see if Captain Hook is in it, and if there are indications that he was drawn from Mr. Neilson.

Playing Truant

Then Sir James went on to tell how he once played truant:

Once a learned professor came to the Academy to examine us, and after some days of it I decided to absent myself from the final proceedings. Other boys were sent in pursuit, and there was a hot chase, until I discovered that if I went slowly they also went slowly—that, in short, they were as little desirous of returning as I was.

Thus did they throw away those precious hours. I ought to have exposed them. I do so now. As it was, I remember going to the station, and from a safe place watching the professor go off in his train, before I returned to the school, to find, alas! that the exams. were over. But Dr. Cranston had me that day, for he told me the professor had wanted me back only to commend me for a confiscated book of sketches.

The Wonder Boy

One boy of those days Sir James Barrie remembers, a boy whom the world has lost, a "pale star":

I did get two or three prizes at the Academy, and I always knew that I could get the second prize without working much, but that I could never get the first however hard I worked. That was because of a boy—I can't sit down without saying a word about him.

One day a thin, frightened-looking boy, poorly clad and frail, came in. No doubt we all promptly summed him up as of small account, but I should not wonder, though, if he was the greatest boy that ever sat on the forms of the old Dumfries Academy. I don't mean merely as a scholar, though in scholarship he was of another world from the rest of us; so he shone, pale star that he was, when he went to Glasgow University and to Oxford, until—someone turned out that light.

He was too poor, was that brave little adventurer; I think that explains it all. The other boys felt that there was something winged about him, just as I did. He couldn't play games, and yet we all accepted him as our wonder one.

When Sir James signed the Burgess Roll as a Freeman of Dumfries he must have thrilled as he remembered that one of the signatures before his was that of Robert Burns.

THE POET AND THE SWALLOWS

A TALE OF A PRISON CELL

How a Book of Poems Came
to be Written

THE WARDERS AND THE BIRDS

There are few more heroic figures in Germany today than that of Ernst Toller, the young playwright and poet who was released from a Bavarian fortress this summer after five years in prison for the part he is said to have played in a rising at the end of the war.

Toller is still in the earlier twenties, and most of his work has been written inside prison walls. Yet his fame has spread far and wide, and he is regarded as a writer of outstanding genius.

His most famous play is called *The Machine-Wreckers*, and deals with a phase of English history; but the manner of its writing makes it a possession to be prized by his own and all other civilised nations. Now he is telling in Prague the story of how he came to write his volume of poems, *The Swallow Book*, which has just been translated into English.

The Swallows Come Back

For two summers a pair of swallows shared Toller's cell, and inspired his pen by their happy ways. But when his book was being smuggled out of prison the warders found it, and destroyed the nest which had brought happiness to the birds who built it and the prisoner who watched them. Toller had now left the cell, but the birds came back, and as often as they returned and rebuilt their home, so often did the warders destroy it.

The swallows, apparently hoping to defeat their enemies, built nests in more than one place at once; but all were destroyed, the warders saying: "They must build in the stable." But the birds loved human company, and in a last attempt at peace they made a nest high up in the prison washing-room. When this was torn down, they gave up in despair. Two days later the father-bird appeared alone. His mate had died, broken-hearted.

It was because Toller had been to the prison authorities and asked them to leave the birds alone that the persecution was continued so relentlessly. "That was the great, heroic triumph of Bavarian justice!" cried Toller scornfully, as he came to the end of his pathetic tale.

And, indeed, it was unworthy of that superior intelligence by which man holds himself to be superior to the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes that swim in the sea.

FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS Mr. Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

The Royal Academy of Art, with its portals in Piccadilly, has known the name of Frank Dicksee a very long time. He was 22 when he first exhibited there; now, at 71, he is its president.

A generation and a half has passed since he first became famous, at 24, with his picture *Harmony*, and this has been followed through the years with many others, some of them now in the Tate Gallery.

Mr. Dicksee became an Associate at 27 and a full R.A. at 37; and 34 years more have placed him on the throne of his craft.

Few men have remained so long and so steadily in the favour of their own world and the world at large. May he long continue! He is a rare case of a man who has been famous for nearly half a century.

THE PRINCE SPEAKS ENGLISH

A Joke with Earl Balfour

FINDING A COMMON TONGUE
IN SCOTLAND

The Prince of Wales and Earl Balfour were engaged the other day in a duel of language far more polite than such encounters often are, and very satisfactory to both. The Prince mentioned it on the agreeable occasion when Lord Balfour, as Chancellor of Edinburgh University, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Law.

The degree was conferred in English; the Prince thanked the Chancellor for it in the same tongue. He went on to say that there had been an occasion, not very long ago, when Lord Balfour, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, had admitted him to its degree in Latin.

That was a language with which, the Prince confessed, he was unable to claim great familiarity, but the time came when he was able to retaliate, for, as Chancellor of the University of Wales, he admitted Lord Balfour to a degree at Cardiff in Welsh!

The Prince was too diplomatic to say that Welsh was a language with which the rival Chancellor could not claim as great a familiarity as himself; but he added that in Edinburgh, meeting for the third time in a common tongue with no handicap whatever on either side, they might regard their match as all square! He did not add (probably out of consideration for the tenderness of certain Scots) that in Edinburgh, in order to find a common tongue, they had to speak in English!

DYEING TWO COLOURS AT ONCE

Silk and Cotton Choose for
Themselves

The wonders of the colour world are increasing. Every month seems to bring a fresh discovery. One of the latest developments is dyeing with two colours in one bath.

This is possible because artificial silk made by the acetate process will not respond to certain dyestuffs, which, however, will readily dye cotton yarn.

Therefore, if we weave a fabric of a mixture of acetate silk and cotton yarn, and prepare a bath containing the two different dyes, we can dye two colours at once. Placed in the mixed bath, the silk yarn selects one colour; while the cotton yarn selects the other, and so we can get a mixed effect.

We have all heard of a doubly-dyed villain; now we have in very truth a doubly-dyed cloth.

A MISTAKE CENTURIES OLD

Forgetting to Consecrate a
Cathedral

A cathedral built over 600 years ago has just been consecrated. It is the French cathedral at Clermont-Ferrand, which was begun in 1249, but was never consecrated till the omission was discovered and put right the other day. Somehow the consecration ceremony was overlooked through all these centuries.

Happily it is held that the christenings and marriages and other religious rites performed there through all these years were quite valid, so long as the priest who performed them had himself been consecrated.

Though begun in the thirteenth century, the cathedral of Clermont-Ferrand was not completed till the nineteenth. It has some fine stained glass in the old parts. It was in an older building on its site that the Pope proclaimed the First Crusade in 1095.

WIRELESS FROM THE PIT

WHAT IT WAS LIKE

Down in the Earth for Fifteen
Hundred Feet

SOUNDS THAT CAME BACK

By One Who was There

Wireless enthusiasts in Yorkshire have lately had the unique experience of hearing a voice calling them from the depths of a coal mine, and, most unusual of entertainments, of hearing a brass band playing a quarter of a mile under the surface of the Earth.

A correspondent who was present at this Underground Concert, sent out from the Whitwood Colliery, near Normanton, sends us these notes on his experience.

On one side of the pit-head was the shaft; a gaping black gulf; on the other side a little hut lit by the glow of the three big power valves of a B.B.C. amplifier. Into this hut came the land-line, an ordinary telephone wire, from the Leeds station. The time for our broadcast was at hand; in the Leeds studio a professor of Leeds University was giving a talk on mining, and, as he finished, the engineer stepped up to a microphone at the pit-head.

The Unseen Audience

Meanwhile the engineer had connected the land line to this mike, as he called it, and the line had been connected at the other end to the transmitter.

Mr. Fox introduced to the unseen audience a well-known Yorkshireman, Mr. George Lister. The engineer spoke on a telephone line with his chief, who was in charge of another amplifier in the pit-bottom office, 1500 feet below, and the amplifier and microphone at the top were switched off and the land-line was connected down the shaft to the apparatus at the bottom.

Meanwhile, a clang had heralded the arrival of the cage, a very low-roofed iron box, into which we were packed like a crowd of frightened cattle. There was a lurch; a voice told us to "hang on tight," and we clutched the iron bars above our heads.

Going Down the Shaft

The cage rocked as it dropped at 35 miles an hour into the earth; we gasped for breath as a hurricane of wind whistled through the scantily-guarded sides; and in the dim light of our one safety lamp I could see the others hanging on like grim death.

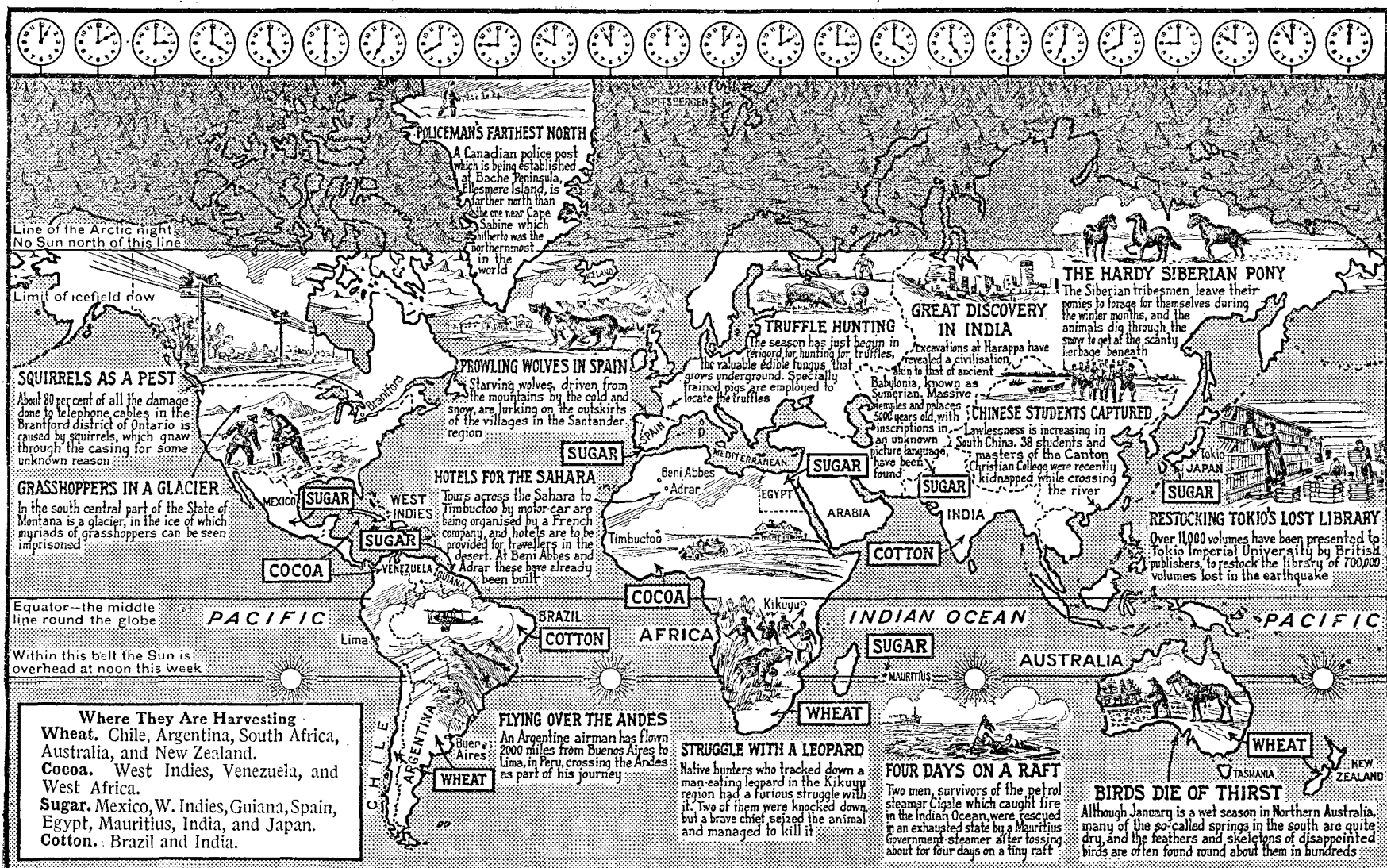
As we slowed down we heard distant strains of music coming up from the eerie depths; then a great blaze of light dazzled us, and Mr. Lister stepped out of the cage to the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," played by the Whitwood Colliery Silver Band, who were assembled at the bottom. This was a spacious hall, with whitewashed walls and lines of coal-laden trucks standing in the middle.

The Ear of the World

On one side was the ear of the world, another microphone. To this black disc Mr. Lister addressed himself for some time. The listener heard his description of what it was like to be a miner; he heard the taps of the pick; he heard the distant clang of the lift; then Mr. Lister's moans, a half-hearted song, and his decision to throw up his job.

In the little pit-bottom office the engineer stood over his amplifier, smiling. He was satisfied, for on one side was a telephone on which could be heard by wireless via Leeds, twelve miles off, that which was going on a hundred yards away. The sounds in the pit came back again. He had heard from Leeds what the listeners in were hearing all over Yorkshire. At the other end of the line, far above at the surface, somebody had placed a loud speaker. What we heard on that telephone was good; and as the band played Tosti's Good-Bye we were hurtled to the surface again.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



STRANGLING A LEOPARD African Chief's Great Fight WRESTLING WITH A BEAST WITHOUT WEAPONS

African natives of the Mathira tribe of Kikuyu, in Kenya, have been telling of a marvellous feat of their chief, Murigo wa Trimu, who strangled a huge leopard with his own hands.

The beast, standing on its hind legs, was as tall as a man. It had been seen dashing back into the forest after killing an ox, and Murigo and two spearmen set off in pursuit. The chief, coming up with it, fired at its head, and it fell. The spearmen rushed in upon it, but it proved very far from being done for. It leaped at them, threw them down, and knocked their spears from their hands.

In a moment the leopard and the men were writhing on the ground. Their leader could not shoot again lest he should hit his men, and so he threw himself on to the animal and, seizing it by the throat, tore it away from its prey. In the desperate struggle that followed it tore him with its terrible claws, but he held grimly on to its throat as they rolled over and over.

Slowly he forced the animal's head to arm's length from him, and, kneeling over it, held on to its throat till the life went from it. Then he rose, battered and bleeding, to attend, not to his own wounds, but to those of his humbler comrades in the fight.

No wonder his men look up to him as something more than human.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aldebaran	Al-deb-ah-ran
Anopheles	A-nof-e-leez
Bergamot	Ber-gah-mot
Guiana	Ge-ah-nah
Suzerainty	Su-ze-ran-te
Venezuela	Ven-e-zwe-lah

THE NEW PARLIAMENT Changed Appearance of the House

The new Parliament, which met for a short sitting to talk over its programme, has an abundance of work to do when it meets next month. Members have just had time to get accustomed to the new look of the place.

When Parliament was dissolved in October, the Labour Party occupied the quarter of the House to the Speaker's right, and the Liberals the quarter farther away from him on the same side, while the Conservatives had the whole of the other side to themselves.

Now the Labour Party sits exactly opposite where it did, on the Speaker's left, but the Liberals have only the back half of the quarter next them. The Conservatives occupy the whole of the benches on the Speaker's right, and the front half of the quarter on the left where the Liberals are.

LIBERATION OF SOUTH AMERICA Man Who Set It Free From Tyranny

We are accustomed to think the South American Republics understand very little of the true meaning of self-government, but there can be no doubt of the greatness of their gain when they threw off the cruel government of Spain.

Peru has just been celebrating the centenary of the decisive battle of Ayacucho, the turning-point in her struggle for freedom, in which British troops took a vigorous part.

The leader and inspirer of the whole revolt, not only in Peru and in Bolivia, but in Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela too, was the great liberator Simon Bolivar. That is a name worthy to rank with Garibaldi's.

Latin America has had a long childhood, but there are those who prophesy a great future for it when its immense natural resources have brought the surplus energies of overcrowded Europe into its service.

GERMANY MAKES UP HER MIND The Republic Safe

Germany is settling down with greater confidence after her elections, which show that there is no present danger of a return of the German people to a monarchy.

The electors have repudiated the extremists at either end, and have shown that they want to settle down to the fulfilment of the Chancellor's motto, "Through work to freedom." The Monarchists have made their supreme effort and have been beaten, a fact which gives the hitherto struggling Republic real stability.

The election came, only seven months after the last, because the Government could not find a firm combination of parties in the old Reichstag. There will be great difficulty in finding one in this among so many parties, but the new Reichstag will be more manageable than the old because it has put two great questions that agitated its predecessor definitely into the background. The Republic for the present is safe, and the Dawes plan is unchallenged.

TENNIS BY NIGHT Hard Courts to be Lit Up

Lawn tennis enthusiasts who play on hard courts instead of grass can play all through the winter so long as it is light, which means for busy people Saturday afternoon only.

But now the authorities at Edmonton are widening the opportunities of winter play in the public courts there. They are to be lit up by electricity from five till ten each night.

The lighting will have to be very carefully done to make the ball visible in its flight, but if that can be done at reasonable cost the example should spread to other localities.

THE MISSING PICTURE Bad Manners at Westminster A HISTORIC OCCASION AND A HISTORIC BLUNDER

When Parliament meets again members will miss the picture of a historic occasion, for the painting of the introduction of the first woman to take her seat has been removed.

There is a custom by which no portrait or statue is erected in the Houses of Parliament so long as the subject of it is alive, and it is, no doubt, a good rule in its way. But most rules have their exceptions, and many people think that an exception should have been made here. The picture is one of the introduction of the first woman member to the House of Commons by a Prime Minister and an ex-Prime Minister. Lady Astor is quite young, and everybody hopes that Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George will also be with us a long time yet, but here was surely an occasion worthy of immediate celebration.

What makes the decision so unfortunate is that before having the picture painted Lord Astor took the very proper precaution of asking the Government whether it approved of the idea, and the reply was that it did. The Minister responsible chose the place for the picture, and had it put up. He evidently forgot the custom, or did not know of it, but once his official consent had been given it was in the very worst taste to go back on it. It is suspiciously like a piece of bad manners.

Lady Astor has won the regard of every class for her unselfish public work, and her husband is one of the most esteemed figures in our national life. There is very widespread resentment at the undeserved slight put upon them, and the C.N. shares it.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 3 1925

Let There Be Light

Once more London has been for two days and nights in the grip of darkness, the ally of disease and death, owing to the heavy cloud of smoke and fog due to her own neglect.

THE terrible fogs of London are the price we pay for the sin of the people. It should be plainly said. Fogs can be prevented; they are due to carelessness and neglect. It is not only that they throw the life of a great city into chaos, but that they take away life itself.

We see the fine buildings of London blackening every day before our eyes; what we cannot see is our lungs blackening in the same way from the dirt we take in with every breath. A city's chimneys contain sulphur and acids, ammonia and chlorine, as well as coal.

These things adulterate the air we breathe. We too often forget what we should remember about air—that it is our most important food. We breathe in, roughly, 30 pounds of it a day. Few people take in more than seven pounds of solid food in the same time. What should we think of food poisoned as our air is?

In these foggy days of London the smoke particles offer themselves as foundation stones for the fog, and the Londoner has breathed it for so many winters that sometimes he hopefully says it is not so bad as it used to be, and at others times tries to believe that it does not do much harm. But does it not? Why is it that the national cold in the head seizes nearly everybody at this time of the year, and why is it that it always begins in the towns and spreads to the country?

The reason is simple: the dirty, damp, cold smog which we breathe makes the delicate linings of the throat and the nose unhealthy and sodden, so that they become favourable soil for microbes to dig themselves in. That is why at this time of the year people always begin to say there is a deal of illness about. The microbe has joined up with the smog.

There is another line of attack for the smoke. It cuts off the light by drawing a curtain over the skies. Light is fatal to the microbe, but it is as necessary as food to us. Perhaps we may not feel its loss immediately, but if we have not enough light we are being slowly starved. Even plants could tell us that. The reason so many plants refuse to grow in London is that they cannot get light.

Light is what we all want. But the people in towns will never have enough of it while chimneys are throwing tons of dirt into the air, to darken the sky, to blacken our buildings, to destroy our lungs, and to shorten our lives. The way to health is to cut off the poison at its source.

Let there be Light.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



New Year, Be Good to England

New Year, be good to England. Bid her name
Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea;
Make strong her soul; set all her spirit free;
Bind fast her home-born foes with links of shame
More strong than iron and more keen than flame.
Seal up their lips for shame's sake; so shall she
Who was the light that lightened freedom be,
For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the same. A. C. SWINBURNE

The Basement and the Roof

NEW YORK, which already has a building 51 storeys high, is thinking of one that will rise 88 floors from the street.

We hope we shall never see them here, and yet we remember an excellent suggestion by Captain Swinton in a little book on London which every Londoner should read. It is the suggestion that London, without following New York up to the heavens, might well go higher yet, and that the L.C.C. should claim the space above a certain height and tax it.

That was years ago, and today we notice Captain Swinton calling for underground streets. So that, crowded as London is, we are to develop our roof and our basement.

It all seems admirable, and we wish Captain Swinton God-speed in his crusade for giving London more room above and more room below. Room anywhere is our motto, so long as we can stop crawling like tortoises and move like citizens of no mean city.

A Brother of Saint Francis

THERE was once in Rheims a jackdaw which sat by the Cardinal's chair, but there was once in Ireland a bird which sat on the Cardinal's shoulder. He was Cardinal Logue, the good old man who died not long ago.

One day a visitor knocked at the door, which was opened by the Cardinal himself. "Why are you your own doorkeeper?" asked the guest.

"My housekeeper is old," replied the Cardinal, "and her feet are painful. Come in."

For a while they sat in the Cardinal's study, talking of books, and theology, and the troubled politics of Ireland.

Then the Cardinal rose, saying, "Come now and see you my friends."

They went into the garden. From every bush birds came flocking to the Cardinal, and many perched upon the old bent shoulders. He had nicknames for them all, and knew them apart as a shepherd knows his sheep.

"But the worst of it is," he said, "I cannot read my breviary any more walking in the garden. They give me no peace. I cannot keep my mind from them."

Truly a brother of Saint Francis.

Making the World Go Right

How hard it is to save this world! The League of Nations, trying to stop war, is trying to stop the traffic in opium too. In China a military governor, hard up for funds, is ordering the sowing of opium seeds to raise five million pounds for war!

Many perplexed people must be thanking God, as Jean Ingelow once did, that "I was not made to make this world go right."

And yet each one of us was made to do our little towards it.

Tip-Cat

A PROFESSOR claims to be able to read character from the foot. There is a lot of information in foot-notes.

It is possible to live on onions alone. They are so strong.

SENSIBLE men forget their losses. If they had been more sensible they might not have had any.

A FAMOUS dramatist said at the last election that there would be terrible consequences if the Tories won. They won, and now he is writing a new play.

STABILITY does not mean standing still. It means still standing.

ALL manners are said to be a disease. Like so many other illnesses.

DR. J. M. BULLOCH, one of the enthusiasts of Fleet Street, has seen 2470 plays. Much work and many plays have made Jack a bright boy.

PEOPLE should not make sweeping statements. Except when they keep a crossing.

DOGS are more praised by poets than cats are. And cats are such a scratch lot, too!

WOMEN are becoming very successful at angling. They make their great catches with bated breath.

Table Talk

ONE of the new systems of wireless pictures is said to have originated in a remark at a dinner-table.

It is in the true line of succession for great things, for the C.N. originated in a remark at a tea-table.

Will somebody please write a book for us on what the world owes to its Table Talk?

Bide a Wee

Though the days be dark and dreary,
Though the way be long,
Keep your spirits bright and cheery,
"Bide a wee and dinna weary!"
Is a gladsome song. JOHN OXENHAM

Far Away

THERE's a many-towered town
Where the western Sun goes down

With a gold and crimson splendour on the sea;
There are waves that wink like brass

In its harbour smooth as glass;
There are battered, tattered ships beside the quay.

IN this land of sunset fire
All the things that men desire
Cluster thick as summer leaves upon the tree.

Life is fabulously fair
To the wayworn people there;
It is only wayworn people that you see.

IVORY towers and silver beams,
Orange orchards, lilled streams,
Or a cottage deep in daisies to the knee,

Which you choose you may possess

In the city of Success;
But the port is far away across the sea.

LONGING sighs may come like gales,

They can never fill the sails;
And a dogged, daring, toiling man is he

Who, with years of trial past,
Makes his gallant vessel fast

In the sunset-coloured port
where all would be. J. B.

A Tea-Time Story

By Our Country Girl

THERE was a terrible crash behind the closed door. "Oh, your best tea-service!" said a guest.

The hostess heaved a sigh. "How I wish we were stationed in Singapore again!" she said. "There, and there alone, have I found perfect servants."

"But I've always heard—" "The people who said anything against them must have been bad mistresses. There is a sort of Servants' Union. They keep a register of all the employers in Singapore. Against each one's name is drawn a dragon, red, blue, or yellow. According to the colour the mistress is good, bad, or indifferent. If your dragon is of the wrong colour, no decent servant will apply to you."

"Only once," she continued, "and then only for a day, did I regret having a Chinese servant. It was when my cook died. Mourners arrived at day-break on the day of the funeral, and howled incessantly. When the procession was ready to depart I saw them carrying off all my pots and pans and kitchen utensils of every kind. I asked what it meant, and was told they must be buried with Cook! Well, I could not squabble during a funeral."

"The next day I went into the kitchen wondering what I was going to do about luncheon. There I found a stranger preparing a meal with brand new utensils. Good morning, madam. I am your new cook, he said. He turned out splendidly."

"Let us all go to Singapore by the next boat," said the lady whose good cook never comes.

WHO WAS HE?

THE POOR MAN OF ROWTON HOUSE

A Pathetic Figure in the World's Great Throng

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS GONE

To the Rowton House at Hammer-smith came a few days ago an elderly, white-haired man with one arm, who asked for a night's lodging.

The Rowton House, as is usual in the dark winter months, was full, its cubicles occupied by its regulars, who are mostly just on the border-line of poverty. But one of the occupiers of a bed had been taken up for theft, so they let the old man have it.

He stayed there a couple of days. The other Rowton House dwellers noted him, though he hardly spoke to anyone. He had a fine dignified face below his beautiful white hair, and all sorts of rumours were current about him—a broken-down gentleman, said some; an author, guessed others; a foreign refugee; lost his money on the Stock Exchange; wanted for something, were other speculations; for the Rowton Houses know all such kinds of people.

But nobody found out, for, though the stranger was polite and courteous to all, he talked with none.

Hotel Bills and Sevenpence

Then, after two nights, he was found dead in his bed in the morning. In his pockets was sevenpence, all told. And do you know what sevenpence buys? It buys the price of one night's lodging at a Rowton House.

Therefore when he died he had just enough to pay for one more night's lodging at his last hiding-place, and not a penny left to buy bread. At the inquest which was held on this tired and unhappy wanderer, little was found out about him. There were some hotel bills, a few scraps of letters and of paper on which he had written down the pitiful sums he had spent on food since coming to England from Belgium.

But one of the letters was wonderful for the light it threw on this sad life, for it reproached him with *having spent a fortune of £10,000*. What had he done with it? the writer asked.

That bitter question will never be answered now. Some of it went in extravagant living, as the hotel bills of places in France showed. The rest is as hidden as the story of this poor dead man. But whatever he had he spent; and he died with just enough in his pocket to pay for one more night's rest.

A NEGRO JUDGE

First on the Bench

Here is something to set against the bitter hostility of the white man in the Southern States of America to the Negro's claims to equal treatment.

In Chicago, whither the Negroes have migrated from the South in such large numbers in recent years, a "man of colour" has just been elected a judge.

There are still only 60,000 Negro voters in Chicago, but the Negro candidate, Albert Bailey George, polled 470,000 votes, 78,000 more than his next highest rival. It is clear, therefore, that he got in because his white neighbours considered him the best man for the post. He is expected to sit in a court where most of the prisoners are Negroes, for the Chief Justice of Chicago declares that "the coloured people of Chicago are entitled to have one of their own number to hear their cases."

Mr. George, who is 51, has taken no part in politics, the usual line of promotion in America for lawyers, but he has been active in all good causes for the uplifting of his people, and he is described as "a Christian with the motto of service in his heart."

A LADY WHO WILL BE REMEMBERED

Long will people remember a little old lady who has lately passed away, and who waited until she was old enough to be a grandmother before she started having real adventures.

She was Mrs. Georgina King Lewis, a Quaker, who at the age of 56 went out to Bulgaria in 1903 to help relieve the sufferings of the people when they were at war with the Turks.

She rode all over the country on horseback, and often had to sleep in the mountains, as the huts were too infested with vermin to make sleep possible. As she carried a large sum of gold for the relief of the people, the Bulgarian Government insisted that she should have an escort of 25 soldiers.

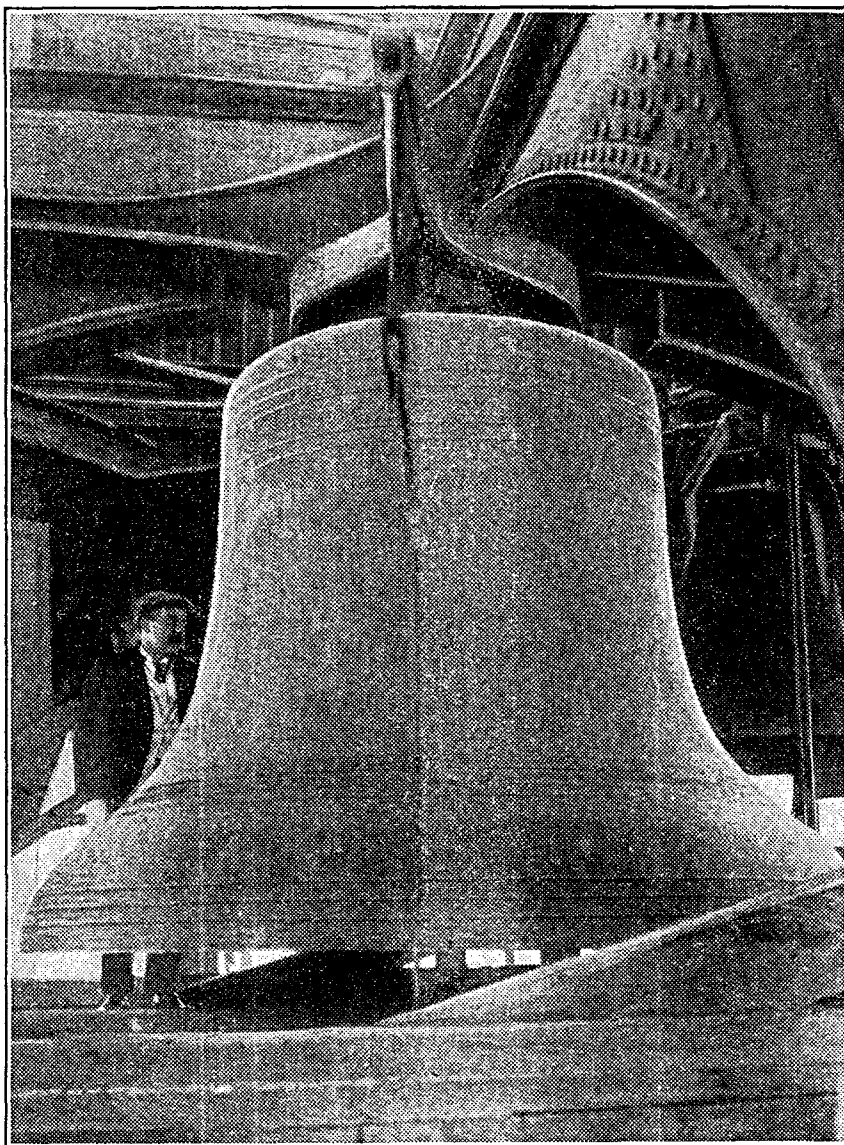
She endeared herself greatly to the women of Bulgaria, and often the mothers would bring their children to her to bless. After the war the Queen of Bulgaria sent Mrs. Lewis a letter of thanks by special messenger to her home

in Croydon, as well as a decoration. Three years later Mrs. King Lewis interviewed the Pope to bring to his notice the terrible sufferings of the people of the Congo, at that time under the cruel King Leopold of Belgium.

She also worked hard on behalf of the workers on the cocoa-producing islands of San Thomé and Principe, who, when they came from their homes on the mainland of Africa, found that they were kept at work practically as slaves. The islands belonged to Portugal, and Mrs. Lewis went to Portugal and saw members of the Portuguese Government.

Mrs. Lewis was also keenly interested in conditions at home. When a younger woman she founded in Ealing a shelter for cabmen, and started a mission for mothers. Five years ago she gave a big house at Croydon to the trade unions, so that they need not meet in public-houses. She was interested in prison reform, and wrote a *Life of Elizabeth Fry*.

BIG BEN RINGS IN THE NEW YEAR



The broadcasting of the ringing in of 1925 by Big Ben has given an opportunity to the whole world to hear the coming of a New Year in London. The sound of Big Ben's chimes can be caught by wireless instruments in America and many other countries. Here is a photograph of what is undoubtedly the best-known bell in the world

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are now 112,000,000 people in the United States, an increase of 6,000,000 since 1920.

The League of Nations has published an Armaments Year Book, with facts about 37 countries.

The First Lamb of Wales

The first lamb of the season is reported to have been born in Wales in the middle of December.

7000 Cripples Every Year

There are about 100,000 cripples in this country, and something like 7000 are made every year.

The Lift's Speed Limit

A speed limit has been placed on the express lifts in New York's great skyscrapers. The maximum speed allowed is 600 feet a minute.

Most large cities in the United States now have a few special letter-boxes for the air mail.

The first oil-driven, high-speed motor passenger liner, the 23,000 ton Aorangi, has just been completed.

The Mad Waste

The nations of the world are still spending 600 million pounds a year on armies and navies.

Saloons Closed for Week-ends

Poland has a law by which all saloons are closed for the sale of alcohol from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning.

No Speed Limit for Belgium

According to the new road regulations in Belgium, there will no longer be a speed limit attached to Belgian motor-cars after this month.

END OF A SCAMP

HOW A CATTLE-DEALER BECAME PRESIDENT

The Way They Used to Do Things in Venezuela

THE CASTRO CRISIS

Of all the queer careers to which the queer politics of the smaller American Republics give rise, none surely is more extraordinary than that of Cipriano Castro, once President of Venezuela, who has lately died.

Quite early in life he became a Member of Congress, but soon retired to his farm, and was not heard of again for ten years. It appears that he became a cattle-dealer in his mountain province, where he reduced the dodging of the tax-gatherer to a fine art.

He drove his cattle over the border into Colombia whenever a visit from the tax-gatherer was due, as the Colombians drove theirs into Venezuela when their tax-gatherers came along. One fine day, however, the two Governments arranged a simultaneous visit to both sides of the frontier, and the tax-dodgers were caught. This sharp practice made the victims indignant, and when the authorities proceeded to confiscate the cattle of all concerned, it was held that the joke was carried too far.

Leading a Revolution

So Castro gathered an army of thousands of disgruntled men, and marched down upon the capital. Thereupon the President fled, and the cattle-dealer, now a general, proceeded to occupy the vacant chair. Nobody challenged him, for there had been a revolution, and in Venezuela a revolution is a surer road to power than a General Election.

Once established as President, Castro began to make things hum. A number of foreigners had had "concessions" from his predecessors for the development of the country, and these he confiscated one by one. Then he began to sell them again, and when a railway or a mine had reached the profit-making stage he confiscated it once more!

The Great Powers Intervene

Naturally the foreigners appealed to their Governments, and ultimately the British, German, and Italian fleets blockaded the Venezuelan coast. Castro appealed to the United States Government, which explained to the European Powers that what is called the Monroe Doctrine prevented them from allowing force to be used against an American State.

There was thus a real danger of serious trouble between Britain and America, some people even talking of war, all on account of a rascal. Good sense prevailed, however, and the dispute was referred to the Hague Court, which required Venezuela to pay handsome compensation.

The end came very soon. In the eighth year of his presidency, Castro was obliged to go to Europe to consult a specialist about his health, and the moment he was gone another General had a revolution of his own, and made himself President in his stead. Castro was never able to get back, and ended his days an exile.

FIGHTING WAR POVERTY

Austria Has a Splendid Idea

Another important item in the electrification of the world is marked by the opening of a mighty electric generating station at Partenkirchen, on a tributary of the Danube, in Upper Austria.

It is estimated that the power produced will save Austria the payment of £2,500,000 a year for imported coal. By and by, it is hoped, electricity from these new works will be used in Vienna.

That is the proper way to fight the terrible poverty caused by the war.

TRADE STILL LAGS

£4 NOW FOR £5 THEN

More People Living on a
Smaller Trade

A GREAT CHANGE AND WHAT
MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT

British export trade still lags behind the amount necessary to give the nation as good a living as it had before the war.

We know this, unfortunately, because the Board of Trade collects and publishes the Custom House figures and tells us all about them.

In the year before the war we did so much export trade that the goods sent out were worth £525,000,000. Now the prices of things are much higher than before the war, as we all know to our cost when we go to the shops, so that our exports, because of these higher prices, look bigger than they really are.

A Serious Decrease

If, however, we work out what our exports now come to at 1913 prices, we find that for every £5 worth of export trade we did in 1913 we now do only £4. That is very serious, because our population is bigger now than it was then, bigger by about two millions, which means that more people are now living on a smaller trade.

And the outlook is not very good, because the fresh rise in the price of food, through the failure of harvests overseas, makes wages worth less, and therefore produces discontent. Also the price of materials is rising, which makes it increasingly difficult to manufacture goods for export at a profit.

Goods from Abroad

We get so used to the service of trade that we are apt to forget its existence. Yet how wonderful it is that we should possess, built into our houses, and about our bodies and everywhere around us, goods fashioned out of substances that could not be produced in our own country! Here is a muslin curtain made of foreign cotton, here a piano made of foreign mahogany and ivory, here an electric light pendant made of foreign zinc and foreign copper. Here is a sack made of Indian jute, and a carpet woven from colonial wool because we have so little of our own.

Consider our foods. Here is a loaf made of wheat, partly British, but mainly grown overseas in Canada, India, the United States, Argentina, and Australia. Here is sugar from the West Indies, tea from India and Ceylon, coffee from Brazil, cocoa from Africa, rice from India, and marmalade made from oranges brought from Spain.

The great ships pour these and a thousand other things into our ports only because they come as payment for the goods we send out—the work we do for people in other countries.

Selling Our Exports

At the present time no less than two and a half million pounds' worth of goods come into our country every working day, and we want more than this if our people are to get the better living we all hope for.

There can be no doubt that in the future we shall have to work even harder than in the past to sell our exports, and therefore we need to make our little island workshop a place where work can be done to the very best advantage. We must have the finest factories, the best-worked mines, the handiest port appliances, and the best ships. And we must be something more important than all these things—a well-trained and educated population.

Things material grow with taking thought. Invention and intelligent labour arise out of the musings, wonderings, strivings of earnest and thinking people. Every school is in a very real sense a foundation-stone of trade. Given a well-educated new generation, we can face the future with confidence.

BALLOON UP TWENTY MILES

Greatest Height Ever
Reached

WARMER HIGH UP THAN
NEARER THE EARTH

A balloon has gone up in Java to a height of twenty miles, the greatest altitude ever reached by a balloon.

It had not, of course, any men with it, but it took up recording instruments, and some new and striking facts about the upper atmosphere were obtained.

The meteorological conditions in Java are particularly suitable for the exploration of the upper atmosphere, and many experiments with balloons from six to nine feet in diameter have recently been carried out there by Dutch scientists.

Professor van Barmelen, describing these, tells how the bursting of the balloons was watched through telescopes as far up as 15 miles, and when the thermometers came to Earth they remained unbroken.

At seven miles the temperature fell to 55 degrees below freezing-point, Centigrade, and at 11 miles it sank to 85 degrees below freezing-point. The coldest temperature recorded was 91 degrees below zero; but, curiously enough, in the higher reaches of the atmosphere the temperature rose again, and at 16 miles it was found to be only 55 degrees below zero.

There is evidently still much to be learned about the upper air.

THE ENGINE OFF THE LINES

How It Leaves the Train to
Make a Call

It is a queer railway engine that can leave its train on the rails while it runs round on the country road to the neighbouring farms, delivering and collecting their goods, and then goes back to the railway and takes the train to the next stopping-place.

Yet that is what happens on a new branch railway line in the Transvaal. The engines are old locomotives which have had their main wheels taken away and big wheels with rubber tyres put on in place of them, wide enough apart to run on prepared road tracks on each side of the lines. In front are small bogie wheels which run on the lines to guide the engine when it is pulling the train. When the engine leaves the railway it works like any other road tractor, but the roads to the farms must be good strong ones.

As only the trucks, containing what the farmer wants to buy or to sell, run on the rails, and as they are much lighter than the engines, the rails need only be light tram rails, and do not need sleepers. That is what makes the system easy and cheap.

NEW ZEALAND'S RAILWAYS

Bringing Them Up to Date

New Zealand has built over 200 miles of railway since 1914, and has a further programme of 427 miles.

But a great deal of the older railway building is quite out of date, and it has been decided to spend eight million pounds in putting things right.

The station at Auckland is to be rebuilt and is to be approached by an underground tube a mile and a half long. At Wellington, the capital, where the present stations are only of the village type, two miles of new tunnel are to be made through the wall of hills, and a new station is to be built on land reclaimed from the sea.

At a place on the main line there is to be a tunnel five miles long which will shorten the journey by ten miles, cutting out a steep incline which it now takes nearly an hour to climb!

A VOLGA COLONY

Children Given an Old
Monastery

WHAT THEY ARE DOING
WITH IT

Fifty Russian children, with their school-teachers, have settled on the prairie by the banks of the Volga, the great river which runs across Russia, and have created a self-supporting community of their own.

The Government at Moscow turned these boys and girls of 14 years out into the world about a year ago, making over to them the buildings and land formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of Kvalinsk, beautifully situated on the slopes of a hill. The old wooden houses were falling into ruin, the orchard was neglected, and the arable land was five miles distant.

That did not matter. Moscow could not afford to keep these children. The Bolsheviks gave them food to take with them, but not enough to last until the following harvest; lent them horses for the autumn ploughing, and gave them seed. They gave them also ten adult instructors, including a blacksmith, a shoemaker, and a carpenter.

It was not long before these brave and hardy young people began to prove their worth. First of all they set about sowing a harvest of grain, not for their own needs alone, but for 200 people, so that more children might join them. The land was five miles away, but that did not deter them nor cramp their energies. Then they learned all they could from their instructors, and gradually, as the months went by, sent them away, one after the other, as they grew more confident that they could manage for themselves.

Today, after little more than a year, these children have created out of the wilderness a self-supporting community, free of the hardships and wretchedness that are to be found in so many other parts of unhappy Russia.

THE LEAGUE AND THE CAR

Making Travel Easier for the
Motorist

Here is another of the unnumbered activities of the League of Nations. A special committee of inquiry is considering the calling of a Conference to decide on ways of lessening the difficulties of motor travel from one country to another.

This is the sort of thing the Conference may do. By the International Automobile Convention of 1909 a single international certificate is given to the driver and the car he drives, so that if he changes cars, or the car changes drivers, all the formalities have to be gone through again. The proposal is to have two separate certificates, as in England.

Another proposal is to compel owners to insure against injuries to other people; another to allow only one kind of horn and one kind of hooter everywhere; and yet another to compel the police to give each motorist a copy of their motor-car regulations as he enters the country.

This is sound and sensible work, helpful both to motorists and to the public.

ON THE SHIFTING SAND

A Desert Highway

The Road Department of the State of California has resorted to a novel means of providing a highway across the continually shifting sand of a desert known as Death Valley.

It is simply a temporary roadway made of blocks and timbers bolted together, and whenever a section of it is reported as covered with sand a tractor is sent out to pull it up and relay it. This wooden road is about five miles long.

THE HERRING

Have Its Virtues Been
Neglected?

A SONG TO THE FISH IN THE SEA

A charming article in the Morning Post was lately devoted to our lowly friend the herring, appreciating its manifold virtues and its services to mankind; but in it the writer made an odd remark, which seems to us in error.

Paying a handsome tribute to this splendid fish, he lamented that the herring has never been celebrated by poet or artist, that it has never been sung or painted, never had its manifold qualities recognised by the Arts.

But has not the coming to land of the season's first catch of these fish formed the subject of many a painting?

Is there a song more frequently sung throughout the Anglo-Saxon world than the poem of Lady Caroline Nairne, *Caller Herrin*? For over a century men and women have sung, in the words of the author of the lovely *Land o' the Leal*, that caller herring are bonnie fish and wholesome faring.

Herring is King

But these fish have an anthem of their own, written by that profound scholar and good poet Mr. A. P. Graves, who sings a wonderful ballad of *Herring is King*, in which, with a line of Irish to remind us of the author's nationality, one stanza runs:

It was in with the sails and away to shore,
With the rise and swing, the rise and swing,
Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,
After herring, our king, herring our king;

Sing *Hugamar féin an soera lin*,
'Tis we have brought the summer in.

Something of ceremonial rites is suggested there which would make Irish herring fishers' practices harmonise with those of fishermen in the Scottish Isles, where no little fleet of boats used to put out to sea without a prayer to God that He would influence the catch of fish and hold His hand above the corn.

All the folklore legends of the Highlands and the Isles had a poetic setting, for minstrels were the people's tutors, and minstrels ever sang their tales, from Homer's days down to those of his latest singing successor.

So when we learn that the Scottish islanders had an ancient tradition that herrings would flee their coasts and not return for a year if a quarrel led to bloodshed on the shore, we may be sure that from an early age in our history the herring had its poets as it has today.

A NOVELIST ON ANIMALS

Why We Love Them

Writing in aid of the National Council for Animal Welfare, Mr. John Galsworthy has said some beautiful things.

Every good cause is hindered by its extremists, but everyone will be ready to heed this great novelist. In all his work Truth comes first, with Pity and Irony for its handmaids.

"I have observed (writes Mr. Galsworthy) that before men can be gentle and broad-minded with each other they are always gentle and broad-minded about animals. These dumb things, so beautiful in their different ways, and so touching in their dumbness, do help our hearts to grow.

"No; I don't think I exaggerate, but I feel that most of us, deep down, really love these furred and feathered creatures that cannot save themselves from us, that are like our own children because they are so helpless, that are in a way sacred because in them we watch, and through them we understand, those great blessings of the earth—Beauty and Freedom."

COOLIDGE AND THE CONQUEROR

President Coolidge's family has been traced back to Norman stock. His ancestors are said to have settled in England with the Conqueror, and to have migrated to America in 1630. The old spelling was Colynge.

A VERY NOBLE MAN

SIR HENRY JONES

Shoemaker's Boy Who Rose
to High Honour

VILLAGE GENIUS

Life and Letters of Sir Henry Jones. By H. J. W. Hetherington. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

This book traces the life of a very remarkable man in a most interesting and complete way. Having read it we know the man through and through, and he is abundantly worth knowing.

The story of his life's conquests should be known to every ambitious lad. It is one of thrilling and triumphant endeavour. But best of all is the spirit that shines forth from the inmost nature of the man portrayed. Sir Henry Jones was, first and foremost, an inspiring personality. It is indeed good to be with him.

From Wales to Scotland

When we say he was the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow it sounds stiff and uninteresting, though important; but at no point in his life was Henry Jones uninteresting, and in this biography Principal Hetherington, of University College, Exeter, has skilfully captured the interest of his life from boyhood in a little Welsh village to an honoured Scottish grave.

Elias Jones, Henry's father, was the shoemaker in an upland Denbighshire village. Henry received his education at the village school between the ages of four and a half and twelve and a half, when he was apprenticed to his father, and for four years went on learning to make shoes till he was a competent workman. Then he began a friendship with a youth who was a pupil teacher, and who was determined to take his degree. Henry's language in his home was Welsh, and in English he did not even know the parts of speech, but he, too, determined that he would enter Bangor Normal College, and go on studying till he could take his degree.

A Brilliant Scholar

He had eighteen months to study for an entrance scholarship. Half the week he went to school and studied under a sympathetic schoolmaster, and half the week he worked as a shoemaker and earned his living. Then, wearing a suit borrowed from an elder brother, he sat for the examination, and came back feeling he had failed. But when the list of successful candidates was published he was at the head of it.

After two years in the training college he became headmaster of a school in South Wales for two years, and then was received as a student for the ministry; and, entering for a scholarship of £40 a year for three years at Glasgow University, he won it. His only resource was to live by his studies, in competition with a group of fellow students of whom a full dozen won high distinction. The young Welshman took first-class honours, and then, though supposed not to have the slightest chance of success, competed for the most valuable scholarship in the University, a fellowship of £225 a year for four years, and won it.

Ideals and Eloquence

Here was a remarkable scholastic record for the shoemaker boy (who was knighted in 1912), but scholastic appointments and national honours do not suggest how the truest influence of Henry Jones was felt. It was his personality before the crowded classes to which he lectured, his tone of mind and character indicating an idealism high and pure, his eloquence that charmed alike learned societies and popular audiences, which gave him his power and caused him to be welcomed wherever the English tongue was spoken, throughout Britain, America, and the Overseas Dominions.

Sir Henry Jones was not a great dry-as-dust philosopher; his philosophy took living practical forms expressed in a

GREATER CHICAGO

CITY MAKING ITSELF
BIGGER

Curious Story of the Squatters
by the Lake

TAKING LAND FROM WATER

Chicago stands on the shores of Lake Michigan; but the city is not content to remain facing the waters. It is gradually encroaching on the lake and adding to the area of the city, and incidentally of the United States, by filching land from the water.

Already a tract, approximately half a mile wide and three-quarters of a mile long, has been reclaimed; and where formerly boats plied and men fished, great hotels and skyscrapers stand, valued at £30,000,000. One of the largest office buildings in the world stands nearly half a mile out on ground that was formerly covered by the lake.

Making Islands

Now still more land is to be reclaimed from the lake, and among other improvements the city parks are to have 1500 acres added to them at the expense of the waters. By the aid of dredgers and pile-drivers a series of islands will be formed in the lake some little way from the shore, and the intervening spaces gradually filled up, leaving a series of shallow lagoons, between the new land and the old shore, which can be used for boating.

This reclamation of land from the lake led to curious litigation some years ago. Captain Streeter, a lake sailor, was driven ashore on a sandbar and, unable to get his boat off, settled down to life on his dry land craft. The lake gradually silted up sand all round, till a little island was formed. Other squatters appeared, and in friendly cooperation with Captain Streeter assisted the lake in its work, until the island covered many acres, and was joined to the shore by a strip of sand.

Here was a valuable property. New land adjoining a great city, having a front on a waterway, is worth money. Streeter named the island, which had now become a peninsula, the District of Lake Michigan, and laid formal claim to it, maintaining it was outside the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois.

Years of Litigation

Such a claim, said the City and State officials, could never be conceded, and litigation began which occupied the courts for years. Eventually it was decided by the judges that natural accretions belonged to the owners of property on the adjoining shore, and that neither Captain Streeter nor any other squatter had any legal rights. But the lake, they said, belonged to the State, and any artificial tampering with it did not affect the ownership, so that what had been silted up owing to the beaching of the boat still belonged to the State of Illinois.

This incident gave an impetus to the official reclamation of land along the lake shore, and the scheme has proved a great success.

Continued from the previous column

human illustration—as was the most vital philosophy the world has ever known, nineteen hundred years ago. The last nine years of his life were heroic. He was doomed by an incurable and agonising disease, but he went on unfaltering in faith and work to the uttermost end, and died with these words on his lips: *The Lord reigneth; let the Earth rejoice. A very noble man!*

This fine biography includes a number of familiar letters, written to friends and relatives, all giving an intimate insight into a lofty and splendid character, fine, vigorous, and true.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What Makes the Flame of a Candle?

The yellow flame of a candle or gas is due to incandescent particles of carbon.

When Was Glass First Used in England?

It is said to have been first brought to England by Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth, in 674.

What is a Pad-Saw?

This is another name for a key-hole saw, a thin, narrow saw, fastened in a split handle by two screws.

Does Anyone Live on the Isle de Batz, off Roscoff, in Brittany?

Yes, it has a population of over a thousand, mostly fisher folk.

Which Two Chapters in the Bible are Alike?

The nineteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

What is Pan-Slavism?

A plan for a union of all Slavic peoples under the leadership of Russia, much discussed before the Great War. The prefix pan means all.

How Can Ganders Be Distinguished from Geese?

The female birds are similar in colouring and marking to the males, but smaller.

How Do We Know the Height of Everest if No One Has Been to the Top?

Mountains can be measured from the plain or from other mountains by means of trigonometry.

Of What are Artificial Teeth Made?

Of a mixture of felspar, silica, and kaolin. These are powdered, mixed, and burned in a kiln. The tooth is coloured by adding salts of cobalt, or uranium.

When is Mothering Sunday?

The fourth Sunday in Lent is so called from the ancient practice of children going to see their parents on this day, taking with them some little present for the mother.

Which Foods Contain Iodine?

Iodine is present in small quantities in various fishes, such as herrings, salmon, cod, and ling, and also in oysters and mussels. Cod-liver oil contains iodine.

Why Does a Deer When Startled Listen With One Foot Raised?

Because the moment it is startled it prepares to flee from danger, that being its general means of preserving its life when any danger threatens. The raising of the foot is the first movement in running away.

What is the Origin of the Terms Bear and Bull?

On the Stock Exchange a person is said to bear when he speculates for a fall in prices. This is a reference to selling a bear's skin before killing the bear. To bull is to speculate for a rise in prices. Its origin is unknown.

What is Pannag?

This word, given in the authorised version of the Bible, Ezekiel, chapter 27, verse 17, as a proper name, is really a common noun, but exactly what it refers to no one can say. Some have thought it means a confection, others wax, and others grape syrup.

What is Eau-de-Cologne Made From?

From the essential oils of the citron, orange, bergamot, neroli, and rosemary, added to a certain quantity of rectified spirits. Extract of geranium flowers is sometimes added. After being well mixed, the liquid is allowed to stand for two months and is then ready for bottling.

Who Made Big Ben, and When?

The clock was made in 1859 by Mr. Dent, the maker of the Royal Exchange clock, and the bell, named after Sir Benjamin Hall, First Commissioner of Works when the Houses of Parliament were being built, was first cast by Messrs. Warner, at Stockton-on-Tees, in 1856, and after it cracked was re-cast by Messrs. Mears of Whitechapel, in 1858.

How is the Depth of the Sea Measured?

Various kinds of sounding machines are used for testing depths at sea, but all of them are based on Lord Kelvin's apparatus used on the Challenger Expedition. It consists of a weight of about forty pounds on a wire rope, which is let down, the rope passing over a drum, and by an ingenious mechanism the drum stops directly the weight touches the bottom. It can then be seen how much cable has been paid out.

NEAREST TO THE SUN

MORE LIGHT AND MORE
HEAT

Earth Three Million Miles
Nearer than in July

OUR WORLD'S CHANGING
SPEEDS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Our world will be at her nearest point to the Sun on Saturday, January 3, the Sun being then but 91,338,000 miles away, and over three million miles nearer than at the beginning of July last.

The Sun will therefore appear larger and be giving the Earth, as a whole, more light and heat than in July, the Earth being 375 times her own diameter nearer to him.

She is also travelling faster in her orbit than she was during last summer, the average speed of under 18½ miles a second being increased to 18.64 miles, whereas in the summer it decreased to about 18 miles a second. This increase of speed enables the Earth to draw away from the Sun after a certain velocity is reached.

No Cause for Alarm

This velocity will be attained on January 3. If for any reason our world's rate of motion failed to increase as it got closer to its "nearest the Sun," or perihelion point, the Earth would continue to draw nearer to the Sun, and finally fall into that solar furnace.

As the Sun is nearly 2,700,000 miles round, it is obvious that our world, being only 25,000 miles round, would make little difference to it if it did fall in. But there is nothing alarming in the fact, for the Earth has, for at least five hundred million years, regularly increased her speed every year as she got nearer to the Sun, until that critical perihelion point was reached. Then she apparently overcomes the Sun's pull, and begins to draw away, getting farther and farther off.

The Earth Slows Down

But directly the Earth begins to get farther from the Sun she begins to reduce her speed, getting slower and slower till another critical point is reached, and our world is at aphelion, or farthest from the Sun.

This will next occur at the beginning of July, when our solar orb will overcome the tendency of the Earth to wander away into space and bring her back to where she is now. This to-and-fro performance will continue for hundreds of millions of years, perhaps millions of millions, unless some disturbing body, another sun, or any great dark world, comes close to us from outer space, that terrific void between us and the nearest visible body—the little sun named Proxima Centauri.

This star, by the way, is 269,400 times as far away as our Sun; so if we tried to construct a model to scale, and placed the Sun, say, a foot away from the dot representing the Earth, Proxima Centauri would have to be placed nearly 48 miles away.

On this scale the Sun, much the largest of the three, would appear only a tenth of an inch in diameter, Proxima Centauri much smaller, while our world would need a microscope to reveal its existence.

Star Hidden by the Moon

Were the delicate balance of our world's motion round the Sun seriously disturbed, a colossal disaster would ensue. But astronomers would know for at least a century beforehand when such a catastrophe was to be anticipated; at present there is not the least evidence of it.

Aldebaran will be occulted by the Moon at 6 minutes past 3 o'clock next Tuesday afternoon, but the event will not be visible to the naked eye owing to daylight. Later, when dark enough, the star may be seen to the right of, and close to, our satellite. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus, Mercury, and Saturn in the south-east. In the evening Mars and Uranus in the south-west.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

CHAPTER 1

The Phantom Canoe

JOHN FOUNTAIN, seated in the bows of the canoe, with his loaded rifle across his knee, tapped the bowl of his pipe against the gunwale. The red-hot ashes sizzled in the water.

"I've had twenty years or more," said he, "of this flaming, fever-stricken continent. I reckon I know Africa better than any man who ever lived—with one possible exception."

"Who's that?" asked the boy who was seated in the stern.

"Henry Tremayne," said Fountain. "Never heard of him, Neil? Well, Tremayne came here in the early days, when no white man had ever crossed the Zambesi. He was a wonderful man, in his way, with a positive genius for learning Kaffir languages. He made one expedition after another into the interior; and time and again he came back to civilisation with never a scratch, not a hair of his head hurt, and with valuable information—maps that he had made and specimens of metals, plants, and such-like. He seemed to be fever-proof, too. Once or twice we travelled together, and I never knew him to be sick or faint of heart."

"Now you speak of him," said Neil Ranson, "I remember my father telling me about him. He was in Mashonaland when we were there; but that was about seven years ago, when I was a boy of ten."

"He was a giant," said Fountain, as if to himself. "He was well over six feet four in height, a Hercules to look at, and broad in proportion, with a great sandy beard that covered his chest."

"And what happened to him?" asked Neil.

Fountain shrugged his shoulders. "I was going to tell you that," said he. "Tremayne was last seen on the Kasai. He is believed to have gone alone into the Great Forest, where a man may be starved to death or flayed alive. That was three years ago, if I remember rightly, and nothing has been heard of him since."

Neil Ranson, without a word, regarded the gigantic trees that grew at the water's edge on either bank of this river. Young though he was, he was already inured to a life of hardship and adventure. His father had died in Mashonaland, where John Fountain, had come across the boy, with no possessions in the world but a trek-wagon and a herd of goats. Fountain was a lonely man, a wanderer by instinct, and from the very first he had taken Neil to his heart.

And so these two had sojourned together for eighteen months. Unattended by carriers, going whither Fate and the current of the unknown rivers they traversed determined they should go, they had penetrated into the very heart of the Unknown.

A thick mist hung over the surface of the river. Myriads of insects, gnats, mosquitoes, and gigantic dragon-flies droned with a sound like the humming of a top.

Whether they were going, they knew not. It was enough for Fountain that they journeyed in comparative comfort into territory hitherto unexplored. The hunter's sharp, grey eyes shot quickly from one bank to another. He knew from experience that, at that hour of the day, he might at any moment get a shot at some wild animal, a buffalo or a rhino, that had come down to the river to drink.

For weeks they had not seen a human being. They were alone with Nature. By night, when their camp-fire burned upon the river-bank or on some lonely island, the silence was like that of the grave. By day the sun beat

down upon them with fierce intensity.

Fountain was burnt as brown as a Hottentot. He was as thin as a rake, his skin like parchment, tight-drawn upon his cheek-bones. For the last few weeks he had allowed his short, crisp, grizzly beard to grow upon his chin, while his clothes, like those of the boy, were in rags and tatters. Quick to act, quicker still to think, he was never lost in a crisis. Long ago his boy companion had come to regard him as the greatest hero in the world.

As the sun went down beyond the tree-tops of the forest a great, black bank of cloud, irregular in outline like a mountain range, stood forth across the horizon in the north.

"Do you see that?" said Fountain, with a jerk of a thumb. "A storm's brewing. In an hour or so we'll get the worst of it."

In the half-light of sunset the black cloud had opened. A huge rift had been dazzlingly illumined by a

"We're gathering pace," said he. "We're shooting down-river like an arrow. Neil, there's danger ahead!"

The last words he had almost shouted, for, even as he was speaking, the canoe had given a sudden bound forward, seeming to lift itself clear of the water like a leaping fish.

Though they could no longer see the river-bank on either side, though they were surrounded by utter darkness, they could tell by the rush of air in their nostrils and the angry swirl of the water that they had found dangerous rapids where at any moment they might be wrecked, dashed against one of the rocks or islands in midstream.

And at that very moment, as if the great forces of Nature were upon a sudden leagued against them, the storm came down upon them with a flash of lightning that illumined the glittering surface of the water and the giant trees of the forest that enveloped them, and this was followed almost immediately by a peal of thunder that was deafening.

"Back paddle, Neil!" Fountain shouted. "Back paddle, for your life! Sure as death, there's a cataract ahead!"



"Back paddle, Neil!" Fountain shouted

flash of lightning that was almost blinding.

"It's bearing down on us like a tidal wave," said Fountain. "We had best find what shelter we can before it's dark."

Snatching up a paddle, he drove the blade into the water. The boy followed his example, with the result that almost at once they were driving down-stream at the rate of almost fifteen miles an hour.

No other word was passed between them during the next few minutes, when the darkness of night closed in upon the valley with such suddenness that great curtains might have been drawn across the sky. And this was, in a sense, the truth; for the cloud-bank, black as pitch, had arisen swiftly from the north as the sun went down in the west, with the result that, within a space of time so brief as to be incredible to those unfamiliar with the tropics, day had been converted into night—night so dark that Fountain could not even see the figure of the boy who was seated at the other end of the canoe, not four yards away from him.

Presently the man spoke again.

The boy, not slow to obey this order, used all his strength and weight; while Fountain himself worked until the perspiration poured off him.

However, all their efforts served to do little more than to diminish the velocity at which they were travelling to their doom.

By this time the thunder was even more deafening and continuous, though the lightning served a useful purpose, and, indeed, gave them presently a gleam of hope. For, by the light of a flash that endured for many seconds, Fountain made out the dark outline of an island, lying not two hundred yards in front of them and almost on their course.

"If we can reach that we save ourselves!" he cried, before his voice was drowned by another clap of thunder.

Neil Ranson felt already as if he had been placed upon the rack. For all that, with clenched teeth, unconscious of his exhaustion, he took advantage of each flash of lightning to keep the canoe headed for the island.

Fountain shouted at the full power of his lungs, during one of

those brief intervals of silence that were intense as they were brief.

"Stick to it, my boy!" he cried. "Your strength as well as mine is needed if we are to come out of this alive."

From out of the darkness came a shriek, long-drawn and piercing—a shriek that was terrible to hear. It was a cry of hopelessness, of unutterable dismay.

And then yet another lightning-flash made the scene as bright as day. For a few seconds it was as if the whole sky were ablaze.

"Look there!" cried Neil, neglecting for a moment to ply his paddle with every ounce of weight he had. "Look there! What's that?"

Fountain never answered—or, if he did, his voice was drowned by the thunder. The lightning had ceased suddenly. All was darkness again, impenetrable, inky darkness. But both had seen enough. They had seen more than they were able to explain.

A small canoe had shot past them—a flying, phantom canoe—in which they had seen distinctly the figure of a man, or else a ghost, standing upright, with arms up-lifted high above his head.

Neil's brain was in a whirl. Alternately blinded by lightning, deafened by thunder, knowing that they could save their lives only with the help of Providence, he found himself hurled into the very vortex of a mad, raging world of terror, through which fled phantoms—ghosts that cried in voices heart-rending, piteous, and horrible to hear.

CHAPTER 2

The Mystery of the Falls

THEY had neither time nor inclination at that moment to solve the mystery of the phantom canoe that had flashed past them like a wraith. It was enough for them, in those few breathless seconds, to save themselves, if that were even possible.

The island, they knew, was but a little way ahead of them. When the next flash of lightning came they would be given their last and only chance. If they did not then gain the island, when there was light enough to see, they would be swept past it, hurled to destruction.

Every moment now the current of the rapids grew more swift, the waters more raging, more difficult to combat. Already the canoe was out of hand, their paddles all but useless in that violent, rampant flood.

During a brief period of darkness and of silence Neil Ranson heard Fountain's voice again.

"Stick to your guns!" he cried. "When the light comes let her have it! It will be the end of things if we fail."

A lightning-flash revealed the island not fifteen yards away from them. And yet the current was like that of opened flood-gates, and their fate was still in the balance.

The canoe was caught like a cork by the flood. She spun round, her bows clear of the water. Quick as thought, and assisted by the boy, Fountain plied his paddle, groaning as a man will do who exerts himself to the utmost.

It was as if the canoe pirouetted, swiftly, as a ballet-dancer revolves on her toes. And then, with a thud that stretched both Fountain and the boy full length upon their backs in the body of the boat, she lay beached upon a strip of sand in which her bows had been driven like a spade.

Fountain was on his feet in an instant. Groping in the darkness, he seized Neil by an arm, and dragged the boy ashore. Though they were out of immediate peril, presence of mind was as necessary as ever.

"Haul her high and dry!" he cried, shouting in the boy's ear. "If the water takes her, we're marooned! If we lose the canoe, we're lost!"

Using all their combined strength, they hauled the craft clear of the water, and, even while they were thus employed, the black clouds

above them opened at the greatest thunder-clap of all, and there descended a deluge such as cannot be described.

There was no wind. It was as if there was nothing to breathe but water, beneath the weight of which they could hear, from time to time, the branches of the trees that grew on the island breaking with sharp reports like minute guns.

And as the rain descended the storm passed over to the south, the lightning became less vivid and occurred at longer intervals.

"We must make fast the canoe to a tree," said Fountain, "and give her all the rope we can. I've no idea how high the island stands above the level of the river; but you can take it from me that, after rain like this, the river will rise by feet. If the island's flooded we shall have to take to the trees."

Fortunately they had on board a long tow-rope, for there had been times when they had employed friendly natives to tow the canoe, which contained all their supplies and ammunition. They had found certain reaches of the river where the current had been too strong for them. The end of this tow-rope they now made fast to the stoutest tree they could find.

By this time the rain had ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The storm was dying, far away; and every minute more stars came out in a clear sky of violet-blue. And now they could hear for the first time the roar of the waterfall but a little way below them. Straining their eyes in this direction, they could see the vague outline of certain black, rugged rocks, so far as they could judge, on the very brink of the cataract, dividing the flood into many separate waves that swept downward to the lower rapids beyond.

"Neil," said Fountain, "we're both drenched to the skin. I prescribe quinine, to keep the fever out of our bones. And then we'll see what we can find to eat."

They searched the canoe for the medicine chest and some sun-dried hippopotamus meat which had been cooked the day before.

"There'll be no sleep for you and me tonight," said Fountain. "We had best go for a walk, to keep the blood moving in our veins. To lie down on the ground as wet as this would amount to suicide."

He took the boy by the arm and walked him to the other end of the island. And, as they walked, Fountain told the boy tales, as he had often done, of the forest and the yeld, of the Great Lakes and the unknown snow-capped mountains in the heart of the interior; stories of wild men and hideous little dwarfs—the Batwa Pigmies of the forest.

And then at last the moon came out, a glowing, crescent moon, hanging like a lantern above the tree-tops of the forest.

And the moon revealed what the starlight had never shown them. They stood together, still arm in arm, gazing downstream, from the lower extremity of the island.

They stared in mute amazement, like men who cannot believe their eyes. They looked at the rocks on the crest of the waterfall. They saw the smooth, swift water, gleaming like polished steel; and far down the river they could see the white foam in the rapids below.

The flood was already at its height. Many of the rocks were half submerged. The island itself had diminished considerably in area. But one huge rock, in the middle of the cataract, stood forth like a fortress in the tide, black against the white surf down-stream.

And standing on this rock, full in the moonlight, was the mystery of the falls—a sight that made them speechless and bewildered. They beheld what appeared to be the figure of a man—and such a man as neither had ever seen before—one whose personal appearance, even the very garments that he wore, made them feel they must be dreaming.

TO BE CONTINUED



A Merry Host Makes Merry Guests



D! MERRYMAN

It was the first performance of a very poor play, and the patience of the audience was exhausted. At last they began to hiss, but one man applauded most heartily.

"What!" exclaimed his neighbour in surprise. "Surely you don't think this play is worth any applause!"

"Of course not!" was the reply. "I am applauding the hissing."

Do You Live at Norwood?

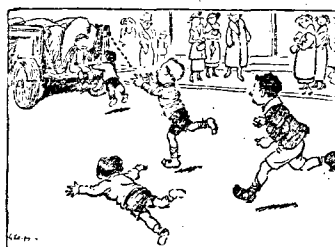
THIS word simply means the north wood, and we find a reference in an old book of 1697 to "the great wood called Norwood, or north wood." This district, now a crowded suburb of London, was years ago a well-wooded district.

WHAT is that which belongs to yourself, but is used more by your friends than by you? Your name.

The Safety First Alphabet



IS the Injury caused by a slip Through boarding a train that had started its trip.



J IS the Joy-ride some silly boys try On the back of a cart when they're anxious to die.

According to Instructions

THE manager called a clerk and said: "Here are a number of letters from people with suggestions for running our business. See that they are all carried out."

And the clerk carried them out—in the waste-paper basket.

The Ever-Gnu

A GNU found his years sixty-three. "I'm afraid I am old," murmured he. But a python hissed, "Pooh! Recollect you're still gnu, And gnu can't be old, don't you see?"

WHAT weapon does the Earth most closely resemble? A revolver.

A Rugby Rhyme



"How's this? You're in mourning," cried Snip, "I declare!" "Oh, no," replied Snap, with a comical air. "I've had my shirt dyed, and my collar likewise, And the reason for this you will surely surmise, When I tell you that I, at our next football show, Intend as an All Black to startle the foe!"

An Important Consideration

TEACHER: "Margaret, can you tell me the difference between electricity and lightning?" Margaret: "We don't have to pay for lightning."

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in clapper, but not in bell;
My second's in highland, but not in dell;
My third is in needle, but not in pin;
My fourth is in noisy, but not in din;
My fifth is in supper, but not in tea;
My sixth is in elbow, but not in knee;
My seventh's in oyster, but not in shell;
My eighth is in purchase, but not in sell;
My ninth is in Richard, but not in Dick,
My tenth is in sudden, but not in quick.
My whole is in use in a game that you'll know;
Think out the answer; you will find that it's so. *Answer next week*

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word. Strain, train, rain

A Puzzle in Rhyme

A cloud (snow cloud), cloud of spray, cloud of dust, cloud in the sky (cloud of smoke).

Monograms of Discoverers

Columbus, Faraday

Who Was He?

The Angelic Painter was Fra Angelico.

Jacko Has a Day Indoors

JACKO was wild when he saw the rain streaming down one morning. He knew it would spoil his football.

But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and, as Mrs. Jacko said, it was a splendid opportunity to get on with the shirts she was making for Adolphus.

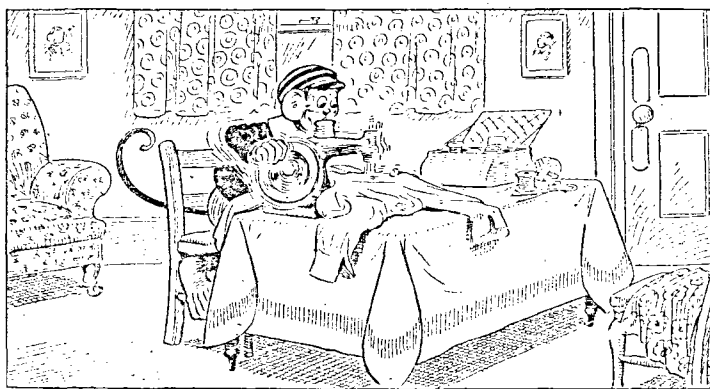
"I'm very glad of a day indoors," she said contentedly. "It can rain as long as it likes."

Jacko hated a day indoors more than anything he could think of. He always got up to mischief and ended by being sent to bed without his supper. And the thought that he might be playing football made him really annoyed.

He looked out of the window every few minutes to see if the rain had stopped; but it came down faster and faster, and at last he gave it up as hopeless.

"We shall have floods if it goes on like this," said Mrs. Jacko, looking up from her sewing. "I'm sure I'm very glad to be indoors, and nobody is likely to call on such a day."

But she made a big mistake about that. The very next minute there was a ring at the bell, and off she had to go to the drawing-room to see a visitor!



Jacko made it go like wild-fire

Jacko was left to his own devices. He had cheered up on hearing the bell ring, for he knew the best cakes would come out for tea if Mrs. Jacko had a visitor!

But it was an hour to tea-time. He prowled round the room looking for something to do to pass away the time.

Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs. Jacko's sewing. She had left it on her sewing-machine, all ready to go on with when she came back.

"Coo! I'll give the mater a hand," said Jacko, with a mischievous grin.

And he sat down in front of the sewing-machine and began turning the handle as fast as it would go!

It was the first time he had touched a sewing-machine and he thought it was rather fun. It went like wild-fire, and it made such a cheery sound.

When he had gone as far as he could in one direction, he turned the material round and machined it the other way! And he went backwards and forwards till the shirt was fairly covered with stitching!

"Good enough for Adolphus, anyway," chuckled Jacko. "He'll have something new to swank about."

Jacko was enjoying himself. He began to turn the handle even more furiously, so that the machine danced about all over the table. It got nearer and nearer the edge, and, just as Mrs. Jacko came back, over it went on to the floor with a crash! It was very much the worse for wear when they picked it up.

Jacko got a caning when his father came home and heard about it, and for once his mother didn't try to prevent it.

Tales Before Bedtime

Engine Lines

ONE day Colin and Jess were lost in the wood, about a mile from their house.

"If we walk on, we are sure to come to a path we know," said Jess.

Colin agreed with her, and they wandered farther and farther into the wood, until at last they were hopelessly lost.

"We shall have to stay here all night," said Colin.

Just then they heard someone whistle. They were pleased. Colin whistled back, but as no one showed themselves they walked in the direction of the sound. Here they found a little clearing and a tiny hut. Smoke was coming from the chimney, so they knew someone was there. Colin knocked boldly at the door, and it was opened by a big man. He asked them what they wanted.

"Come right inside," he said, when the children had told him what had happened. "I'll take you home. I'll be ready directly. While you are waiting run in and see my little boy—he's playing with his train."

The little boy was running an engine up and down the bed-clothes, but they could not see any engine lines.

"Hullo!" said the little boy, catching sight of Colin and Jess. "Come and see my railway. I have to lie here such a lot, and I do love trains. Don't you?"

"Rather!" said Colin, as he and Jess went towards the bed. "But where are the lines for the train to run on?"

"Dad can't afford to buy me any," replied the little in-



"Hullo!" said the little boy

valid, "so I pretend the lines on the blanket are real ones."

"I have ever so many lines at home," said Colin. "I'll ask my daddy to let me bring you some."

The little invalid's eyes glistered. Just then the man popped his head in through the door and the children had to go.

The next day the children went into the wood again. This time they found their way to the hut quite easily. Colin was carrying a basket, in which were lots of nice things for an invalid, and underneath them all lay a set of lines for the sick child's engine.

Wise Old Weather Saws—January



The blackest month of all the year Is the month of Janiv eer.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1924	1923
London	6326	6574
Glasgow	1899	1955
Manchester	1015	1123
Dublin	800	772
Belfast	733	732
Edinburgh	596	583
Coventry	160	146
Ipswich	96	88
Aberdare	86	91
Bournemouth	86	75
Oxford	76	63
Bath	67	66

The four weeks are up to Nov. 29, 1924

Ici on Parle Français



Une amarre Le freux La racine
L'amarre est attachée solidement
Le freux cherche sa nourriture
Ces racines sont bien enchevêtrées



La flaque Le carlin La plume
Il marche dans une flaque d'eau
Je trouve les carlins adorables
Vous servez-vous d'une plume d'oie?

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 3, 1925

Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

THE NEW ICE-BOAT • AIRMAN'S LIFE-SAVING PACK • POLICEMEN'S PETS



A Big Catch of Sprats—The fishermen of Aldeburgh have been obtaining enormous catches of sprats, one boat securing fifty bushels. Here they are shaking the sprats out of the net



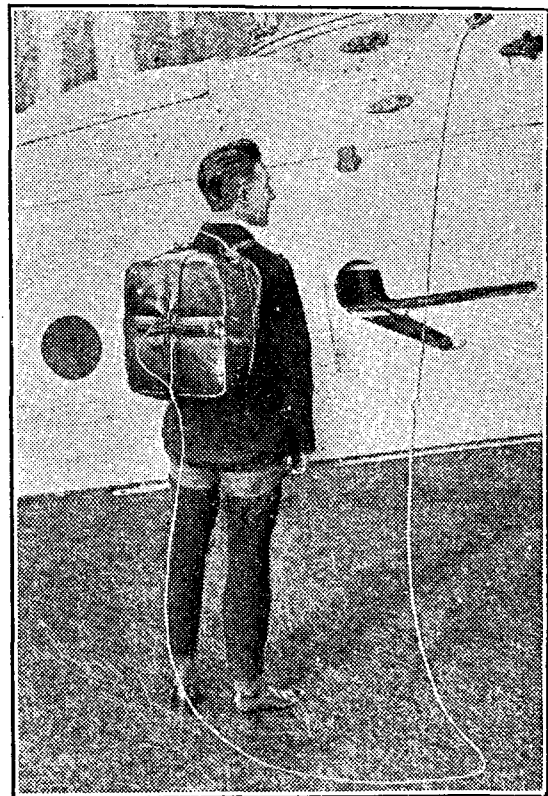
The New Ice-Boat—This novel form of ice-boat has been built by two brothers in Philadelphia. It is shaped like an aeroplane, has an 80-horse-power engine, and is driven by a propeller



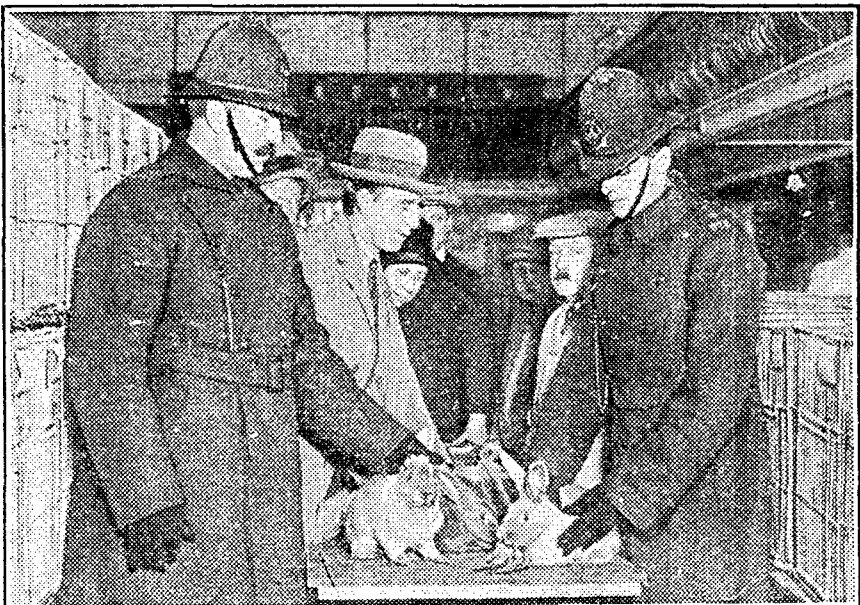
Testing the Fog—The recent long spell of dense fog gave the weather experts a good opportunity of carrying on their investigations into fog, and here an expert of the Meteorological Office in London is taking a sample at the window of his room and testing it in the pollution gauge



Transport in Central America—Transport is a very different problem in Central America from what it is in an English city. In Guatemala the ox and the human porter do most of the carrying, and this picture shows a pottery carrier arriving in Guatemala city from Mexico, having walked all the way on foot



The Airman's Life-Saving Pack—Here is an airman at Farnborough about to test a new type of parachute, which is strapped on the back like a soldier's knapsack. The cord attached to the machine opens the parachute as the pilot jumps. Probably all airmen will wear such a parachute



Policemen's Pets on Show—The London police recently held a bird and rabbit show at St. Pancras Baths, in aid of the Police Orphanage funds, and here are some of their pets



Dog That Refuses to Retire—Roy, the famous collecting dog pensioned off from Euston Station, London, refuses to retire. He returned to the railway again and again and is now to remain

THE FIRST KNOWN HERO OF LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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